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TIME

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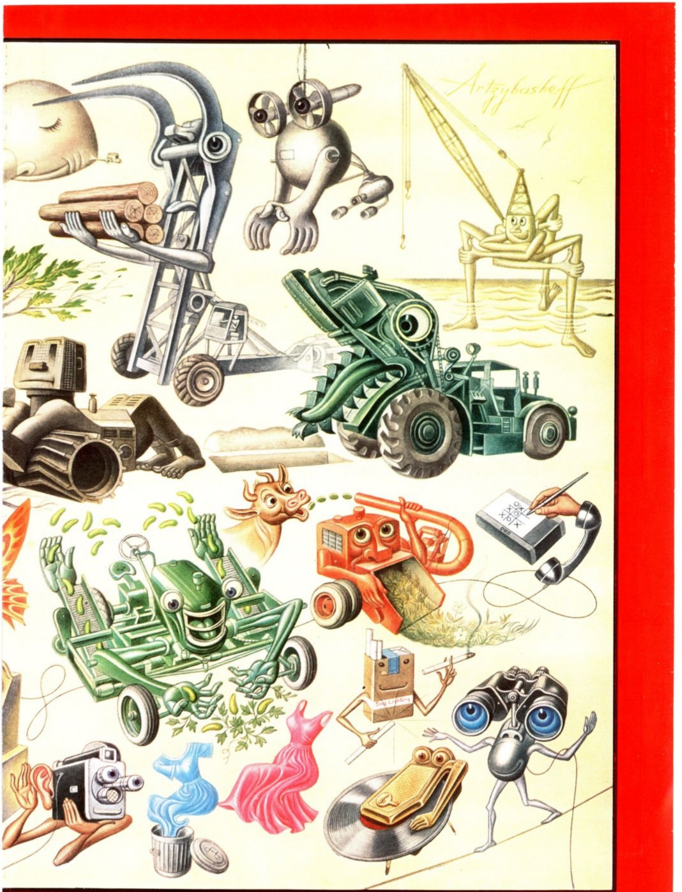
Artzybasheff

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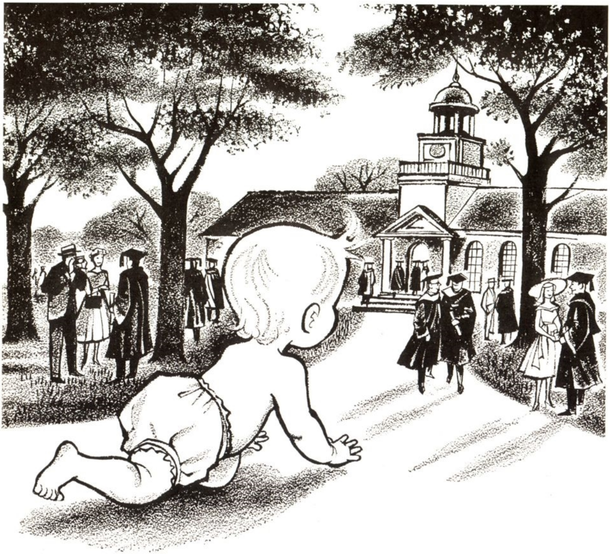
Volume LXXVI
Number 12



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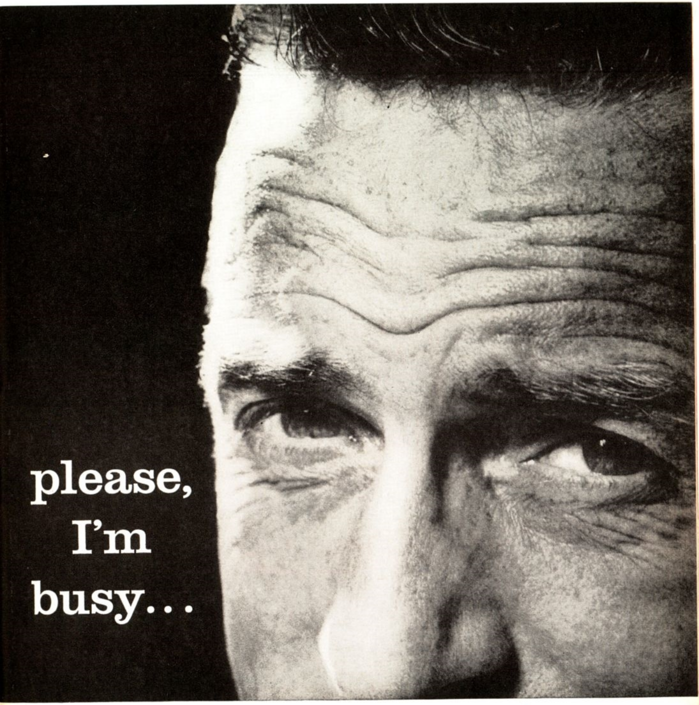

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WESTERN UNION

LETTERS

Ladies' Days

Sir:

Your Sept. 5 article, "As Maine Goes," recalled to me March 3, 1913 (the day before Woodrow Wilson took office), when several hundred women in Government service marched in a suffrage parade down Pennsylvania Avenue.

We were uniformed according to departments, in capes of different colors, and presented a well-organized parade until we approached the Treasury, where men from the sidelines ran forward and broke it up.

UPI

WASHINGTON SUFFRAGETTES, MARCH 3, 1913

The Interior Department approved our marching and gave us time off for the parade (though charging it to annual leave), which was watched by many thousands.

FLORENCE P. WHITE

Organton, N.C.

Sir:

In your splendid article on women in politics, you mention Rudd Smith, running for Congress in our 21st District. I think you will find she is Rudd Brown, wife of Harrison Brown of Caltech.

LAURA G. BENJAMIN

Los Angeles

¶ TIME's face is Rudd.—ED.

Sir:

We were surprised that you did not mention the League of Women Voters of the U.S., the outgrowth of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and frequently the training ground of women in politics.

League members in 50 states and the District of Columbia (a singularly non-corsage-bearing group) work unceasingly on issues of government, and it seems to us that issues will elect the next President of the United States.

(MRS.) JEAN A. KEENEY
President
League of Women Voters of Oak Lawn

Oak Lawn, Ill.

Billy on Religion & Politics

Sir:

I emphatically deny that I plunged into American politics as stated in TIME, Aug. 29—or that I had Senator Kennedy solely in mind when I made my remarks. A reporter asked if I thought religion was a legitimate issue in a political campaign. I answered: "A man's religion cannot be separated from his person; therefore where religion involves political decision it becomes a legitimate issue. For example, the people have a right to know the views of a Quaker on pacifism, or a Christian Scientist's view on medical aid, or a Catholic's view on the secular influences of the Vatican."

Then the reporter asked if I thought the religious issue would be very deep this year. I replied: "Yes. I have been informed by political experts that it will be deeper than in 1928, because people are better informed."

He further asked why Protestants are reluctant to vote for a Catholic. I answered: "Some Protestants are hesitant about voting for a Catholic because the Catholic Church is not only a religious but a secular institution which sends and receives ambassadors from secular states."

I am sure that in the context in which they were given, my remarks throw an entirely different light than the impression left in TIME. I might also add that I deplore all forms of religious bigotry!

BILLY GRAHAM

Basel, Switzerland

The Campaign

Sir:

By now it should be apparent to all that Kennedy's New Frontier is only the wilderness of more and higher taxes.

RUFUS AND THELMA MARTIN

Wakarusa, Ind.

Sir:

Your mentioning that Senator Johnson may not be the darling of the South prompts me to send you the following:

First Southerner: Everyone knows that Lyndon Johnson is the South's favorite son.

Second Southerner: You didn't finish your sentence.

W. J. HARRISON

Willis, Texas

African Airlift

Sir:

How dare you practice your distortions so blatantly? In relating the African student incident you say Kennedy was motivated by

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his concern "about the wavering U.S. Negro vote." In every account to date it has been stressed that the Senator specified that any contribution made by the Kennedy Foundation be made without any publicity. The reason was obvious—to keep people like you from misrepresenting his intentions.

GEORGE WALKER

The Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

Bravo for your excellent coverage of the latest attempt by the Kennedy family to try and outbid the State Department. I am sure that many readers of TIME will echo Senator Hugh Scott's words concerning this matter of exposing the immature, hot-tempered, glory-seeking actions of the junior Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BILL STEIN

Euclid, Ohio

The Olympics

Sir:

You deserve a gold medal for the moving and entertaining cover story on Rafer Johnson and the 1960 Summer Olympics.

I read the article with pride, admiration and a lump in my throat. It convinces me more that only in America can the often pathetic trials of a common man lead so often to a tremendous success story.

KELSEY E. COLLIE

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

As one who taught for 30 years in the high school and town of Kingsburg, Calif., which Rafer Johnson has now made famous, I am overjoyed at TIME's recognition of this remarkably fine young man. However, lest one minor incident recounted in TIME's story leave an unfair impression of the people of Kingsburg, may I testify that any drawing of a color line is most uncharacteristic of Kingsburgers generally. There Rafer has always been accepted on terms of his worth alone—as a responsible leader in grammar and high school, as an able and dignified president of the high school student body, as a welcome guest at social affairs of home, church and school.

(MRS.) PAULINE NORDSTROM

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir:

Your article on the decathlon star, Rafer Johnson, awakens issues more pertinent and basic to our national prestige, namely, that the U.S. is existing in a dangerously competitive world and that racial prejudice and bigotry cannot be tolerated if we want to continue to exist as a competitor and, possibly, a leader.

FRED R. POWELL

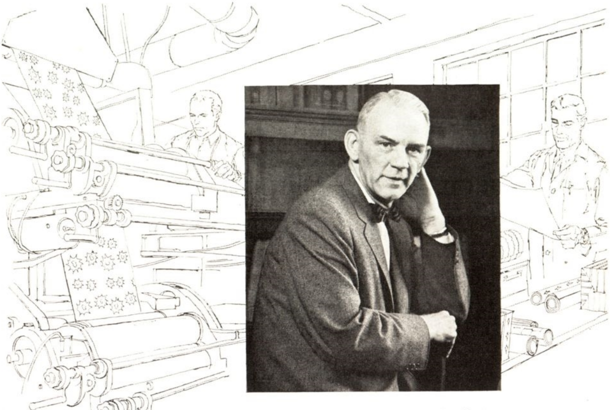
Beacon, N.Y.

B.A. in Sandbox?

Sir:

I wish to correct impressions concerning your story, "Mud Pies & Water Play," in the Aug. 29 issue of TIME, as it does not give a complete story of the reasons for denial of a license to Mrs. Lila K. Joralemon to operate a day nursery by the California State Department of Social Welfare.

Mrs. Joralemon has been operating a day nursery for three- and four-year-old children for two years without a license, although a license is required by law. For the past eight months, we have been trying to help Mrs. Joralemon meet minimum standards for such an operation. We certainly have no objection to teaching ABCs or music in a day nursery. However, children of this age need facilities for play and rest periods to break the 2½ hours they are at the school. We have suggested simple play equipment which



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Dennison Manufacturing Company,
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should be available for the children, as well as facilities for adequate rest. Mud pies and water tables are not required.

Our standards have been developed after a good deal of hard work by experts in the education field, tempered by the practical experience of day-nursery operators. We are quite willing to issue a license to Mrs. Joralemon if she shows reasonable compliance with our rather simple standards.

J. M. WEDEMEYER
Director
State of California Department of Social Welfare
Sacramento, Calif.

¶ The California State Department of Social Welfare included "dirt for mud pies" and "tubs for water play" in the "Lists of Minimum Equipment and Materials" it presented to Mrs. Joralemon.—ED.

Sir:

Children want and need to learn. If they are exposed to the best, they will learn the best. Exposed to mud they will throw it.

BETTY M. HAYES
Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sir:

Given a choice for my children, I would take the alphabet over soft cuddly dolls, and even Beethoven over mud pies. Given a choice, I would take acne over the inept California Welfare Department. I shall be waiting impatiently for the news that U.C.L.A. is now offering a B.A. in Sandbox.

JERRY L. MILLER
North St. Paul, Minn.

Tell Harold . . .

Sir:

Your magazine has hurled a couple of stones at a record called *Tell Laura I Love Her*. I'm not saying I like this song; I know lots of kids who don't, but even we are offended because we take it as a direct criticism against us all, not just the record.

Please remember that we are the people who are going to be obligated to put you unfortunates into old-age homes sometime.

HAROLD METZ III (14)
Greenwich, Conn.

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32. Perdido, Jump for Joy, C Jam Blues, Flamingo, 3 more

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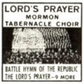
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12. Over the Rainbow, Night and Day, Easy to Love, 9 more

27. My Funny Valentine, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, 10 more

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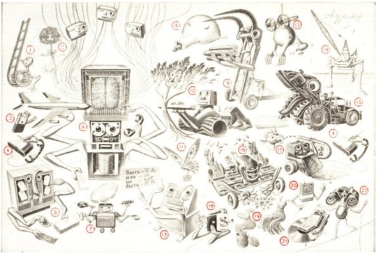

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

TO capture the excitement, diversity and oddity of U.S. inventiveness for this week's cover story on new products (*see* BUSINESS, **Prometheus Unbound**), Cover Artist Boris Artzybasheff stretched his easel, produced TIME's second gatefold cover (the first a Christmas crèche on Dec. 28, 1959). Artzy scorned a new machine that paints for the artist, used an old-fashioned good right hand to personify these new products:

1) A steel and aluminum roll-up ladder, 2) a self-shaking mop, 3) a pocket signaler that pages the wearer when he is being telephoned, 4) an electrowriting machine that uses telephone wires to transmit facsimile handwriting and sketches, 5) an automatic merchandiser that dispenses clothing, makes change from dollar bills, 6) an electronic system linking an airline's ticket offices throughout the U.S., 7) a cart for big-chef barbecues, 8) a plastic balloon building, 9) a 50-ton log stacker, 10) a tree crusher, 11) a transistor radio as small as a sugar cube, 12) a language-translating machine, 13) an underwater torpedo retriever, 14) a movable island crane, 15) a high-speed ditch digger, 16) a "pickle picker," 17) a hay pelletizer that makes cookies for cows, 18) a home sound-movie camera, 19) paper clothes, 20) self-lighting cigarettes, 21) a pocket-size phonograph, 22) a gyroscopic stabilizer for hand-held cameras and binoculars.

•

THIS week a good many TIME readers will begin receiving their copies earlier than ever before. Within a month or so, almost all subscriber copies of TIME will be arriving at least a day earlier, and 90% of newsstand copies will be on sale by Tuesday. Reason: in a major operational shift last weekend, TIME changed its closing deadline to Saturday evening instead of Sunday. Under the new schedule, TIME's full survey of the previous week's news will be available almost as soon as the new week begins.

TIME believes that the new schedule better fits the pattern of breaking news as well as the changing reading habits of the nation. Most news, except for disasters and other unexpected events, happens on the world's working days and tends to peak at the end of the week. So, the editors reasoned, it would be logical to put TIME "to bed" Saturday night, conduct most of the printing operation (already the fastest of its kind in the world) during the relatively quieter Sunday hours, and get the magazine to its readers earlier.

INDEX

Magnavox announces

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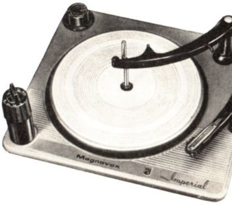
Here is the final achievement engineers have been striving for, and music lovers have been longing for, ever since the disc record was introduced over fifty years ago. This is the perfect precision mechanism that will play your records without distortion — play them automatically with greater care than human hands — without wear of either record or stylus—and always plays them on true pitch.



Why this new Magnavox Imperial Automatic Record Player is so important to music lovers. The fidelity of reproduced music, stereo or otherwise, starts with the precision of the record player. Imperfections in the mechanism that cause "flutter," "wow" and speed-variation are devastating to any music. For example, they reduce the magnificence of a Stradivarius to the sound of an amateur fiddle. They can make a grand piano sound like an old-time barroom player. The most exacting sound equipment will only magnify this distortion.

True Pitch. Turntable speed is certified to be within plus or minus 1% of absolute, regardless of number of records stacked or power line variations.

Feather Touch Pick-up. A new Diamond stylus pick-up and a dynamically balanced friction-free tone arm bears only 1/10-ounce stylus pressure, thus reducing record and stylus wear to insignificance. It will play a record 1000 times in normal use, and virtually eliminates surface noise. A delicate sable brush cleans the record as it is played.

Changes records in seven seconds regardless of their size or speed. Tone arm seeks out record size, gently lowers stylus to starting groove. This is the only record player with these precision features.

Simple Jam-Proof Operation. Single control for speed selection, start and "reject." Mechanism cannot be jammed through carelessness, cannot damage records.

Precision Performance . . . Magnavox Quality. Here, indeed, in the Magnavox Imperial Automatic Record Player, is the precision performance of a professional turntable plus the finest automatic action ever designed. It is another advance that gives Magnavox instruments their superiority in tonal fidelity. It is available only in stereophonic high fidelity instruments by Magnavox.

You will find Magnavox stereo high fidelity phonographs in the widest range of beautiful styles, fine woods, and hand-rubbed finishes to enhance any room setting—prices from $149.50 to $1,250. Visit your Magnavox dealer listed in the Yellow Pages. He will be happy to demonstrate and prove that Magnavox is the finest . . . and your best buy on *any* basis of comparison.

THE IMPERIAL STEREO THEATRE 24 is one example of the many beautiful models at your Magnavox dealer. Complete home entertainment center—big picture chromatic TV, stereophonic high fidelity phonograph, FM/AM radio in fine woods—$750.00.

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Vol. LXXVI No. 12

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 19, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Unwelcome Guest

If communications aboard the Russian passenger liner *Baltika* were any good at all, its top passenger, Nikita Khrushchev, and his assorted satellite satraps last week had something new to chew over. As *Baltika* cruised toward New York harbor, the U.S. State Department handed a coolly worded memorandum to the Soviets' U.N. delegation, advising the Russians that Khrushchev—who had invited himself to the U.S. to appear before the General Assembly—should not make any plans to leave the island of Manhattan, and should find some place to house himself as close to the U.N. headquarters as possible.

"The question of assuring the necessary security for Mr. Khrushchev and the Soviet delegation has, of course," said the memo, "been complicated by the hostile public statements of the head of the Soviet government and by the destruction of an American plane over international waters by Soviet action and the continued illegal detention of two American flyers." In short, not only would Khrushchev probably have to forgo visiting the Soviet Union's mansion in nearby Glen Cove, L.I., among other places, but he was being reminded bluntly that he and his cronies—among whom the most offensive is Hungary's notorious Party Boss Janos Kadar—were about as welcome in the U.S. as the Black Plague.

Mauldin—St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

"NO KIDDING—ARE YOU GUYS REALLY VOLUNTEERS?"

Associated Press

INJURED U.S. AIRMEN ARRIVING IN U.S.
The enemy was organized disorder.

Oddly enough, in the no man's land on the East River that is U.N. territory, Khrushchev this time might find himself not much more welcome. He would cry peace and disarmament, but has shown that he has about as much interest in reducing tensions and promoting world order as the Three Stooges. Dag Hammarskjold and Russia's fellow Security Council members, bent on quieting the Congo turmoil, had watched the Soviets stir the fires of chaos, make a grandstand play to Africans by labeling the U.N. a partner to a colonial conspiracy, and egg on the wild Lumumba (*see* FOREIGN NEWS).

There were many who feared the propaganda impact Khrushchev, accusing the U.S. of espionage and aggression, might have in New York. He would certainly make a lot of noise. But in the places around the world where peace was being jeopardized, it was the Russians who were making the mischief. The reputation of the U.N. itself was at issue in the Congo, and it was the Russians who were doing most to queer the act. In this tough moment for the U.N., the U.S. rallied to Hammarskjold's side.

"The United States," said President Eisenhower, "deplores the unilateral action of the Soviet Union in supplying aircraft and other equipment for military purposes to the Congo . . . The United States takes a most serious view of this action by the Soviet Union . . . I urge the Soviet Union to desist. The United States intends to give its support [to whatever action] the United Nations finds necessary within the limits of its charter to keep peace in this region."

ARMED FORCES

"Anywhere, Any Time"

Back to the U.S. in a hospital plane last week came seven of the eight U.S. airmen who had been brutally attacked by Congolese soldiers a few weeks ago (TIME, Sept. 5). Like the thousands of Americans who man the ramparts of the world on ordinary duty, the G.I.s had come off one mission of mercy—flying supplies to Chilean earthquake victims—only to be assigned to another: delivering men and matériel into the Congo on U.N. duty. No sooner had they debarked in Stanleyville than they were pummeled and beaten by a howling mob.

Victims not so much of any enemy except wild chaos and disorder, the returning chipper and cheerful airmen were a welcome sample of American mission in a week when the U.S. was humiliated by the defection to Moscow of two trusted security employees (*see below*). Said Lieut. Kenneth E. Stickevers, his right hand in a splint and his left bandaged: "We do this for a living. We'll go anywhere, any time."

THE COLD WAR

Traitors' Day in Moscow

In the California seacoast town of Eureka, friends knew Bernon F. Mitchell as an average kind of kid—not too much of an athlete, but fun at parties and an enthusiastic skindiver. Later, at Stanford University, he had a lot of trouble with languages, so he switched courses and became a statistician. Up north, in Ellensburg, Wash., William Martin was the same sort of fellow. He was a good chess player and a mean hand at the piano, and he made a hobby of hypnotism. At the University of Washington he worked hard at his studies, was a topnotch math and science student. When the two young bachelors met during Navy duty in Japan, they became fast friends. When they both signed up to work for the super-secret National Security Agency in Washington three years ago, they seemed ready and willing to settle down to a life of official, patriotic anonymity.

Tass

TRAITORS MARTIN & MITCHELL IN RUSSIA
Where the talents of women are encouraged and utilized.

Last week, some 5,000 miles east of anonymity, Mitchell, 31, and Martin, 29, sat in the splash of TV lights in the vast, gilded theater of the House of Journalists in Moscow. Newsmen from the Communist and non-Communist world had been summoned to a special press conference to hear them. While the Communists smiled and applauded and Westerners in the audience felt sick at heart, the two renounced their U.S. citizenship, retailed what they knew or suspected about secret U.S. intelligence activities, and pushed the current Soviet propaganda line that the U.S. is risking the peace of the world by persistent espionage. They also demonstrated beyond a doubt that there are serious flaws in U.S. security procedures.

Desirable Mates. First Mitchell and Martin read from a photostat of a statement that they had left behind in a Laurel, Md. safe-deposit box—a maneuver designed to prove that they had made up their minds well out of reach of Russian brainwashing. They had "sought citizenship in the Soviet Union," said the two, because they had learned that the U.S. lies, because its secret agents spy on both hostile and friendly powers, because its international operatives manipulate money and military supplies in an effort to overthrow unfriendly governments.

U.S. policy, they said, was a buildup for preventive war, which would leave its victors, at best, "emperors over the graveyard of civilization." Moreover, said the two bachelors, "the talents of women are encouraged and utilized to a much greater extent in the Soviet Union than in the U.S. We feel that this enriches Soviet society and makes Soviet women more desirable as mates."

"Prefer to Crawl." In a second, long, made-in-Moscow statement, they attacked the "Eisenhower-Nixon Administration," accused the U.S. of spying on its allies and deliberately violating the airspace of other nations. They spilled all they apparently knew about the code-cracking and cryptographic activities of the National Security Agency. They highlighted the whole performance by quoting Arizona's Red-hating Senator Barry Goldwater's warning that "there are among us those who would prefer to crawl to Moscow on their bellies rather than face the possibility of an atomic war." Said Mitchell-Martin: "We do not hesitate to include ourselves in the company mentioned by Senator Goldwater."

For all the embarrassment that it caused the U.S., the Moscow sideshow was not unexpected. Last July, when Martin and Mitchell did not come back from a summer vacation, NSA men broke into Mitchell's home in Laurel, Md. They found the place a shambles, and they were particularly intrigued by a set of safe-deposit keys. Maryland State Police got a court order to open Mitchell's safe-deposit box in the State Bank of Laurel, and there, indeed, was the typewritten defection statement.

Belatedly, just about every security agency in Washington—both military and civilian—began working back over the Mitchell-Martin records and their own personnel clearance policies. NSA farms out the major part of its security checks to military intelligence agencies, and when the two men first came to work, neither the Office of Naval Intelligence nor the Air Force's Office of Special Investigations found a trace of trouble on their records. The FBI discovered that last winter the two buddies made a trip to Mexico and took the trouble to hide their travels from their superiors. Upon re-examining the record of a routine lie-detector test, the FBI found signs that Mitchell was something less than emotionally robust. Agents also discovered that he had been consulting a private psychiatrist, presumably out of concern for homosexual tendencies.

Shocking Breach. Had any of this information turned up in time, NSA might have checked more closely on its men. But there had been an even more obvious signal for caution. When a U.S.A.F. C-130 plane was shot down near Soviet Armenia in 1958, Martin and Mitchell were convinced that the plane and its crew were involved in espionage, were offended with the U.S. claim that the plane had been attacked in innocent flight. They took their suspicions to Ohio Congressman Wayne Hays, who had spoken out against the secrecy surrounding the C-130 flight. A cursory glance at some plastic-covered identification cards convinced Hays that the men worked for the CIA. He wrote their names down on the back of his checkbook and discussed their information informally, he says, with another member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. Then the matter was dropped. The simple and shocking breach of security by supposed members of the CIA was brought to no one's attention.

The CIA traced their escape route through Mexico City to Fidel Castro's Havana, which is apparently the new jumping-off point for Moscow. The rest of the trip was possibly by Soviet trawler. Martin and Mitchell themselves were smugly silent about their escape route because, they said, other defectors may want to follow them.

President Eisenhower denounced both men as traitors and suggested that the entire U.S. security-clearance procedure be reviewed. Harry Truman thought they should be shot. The U.S. intelligence community braced for an onslaught of congressional investigations. Meanwhile, back in Moscow, William Martin and Bernon Mitchell, their babbling press conference brought to a halt by a Soviet official who thought it was going on too long, began to sink into the limbo that the Soviet Union reserves for turncoats who have been milked of their last drop of propaganda value.

THE CAMPAIGN

The Power of Negative Thinking

"I not only don't believe in voicing prejudice," said President Eisenhower at his press conference last week, "I want to assure you that I feel none. And I am sure that Mr. Nixon feels exactly the same . . . Mr. Nixon and I agreed long ago that one thing we would never raise is the religious issue in this campaign . . . I would hope that religion could be one of those subjects that could be laid on the shelf and forgotten until after the election is over."

At the moment that the President was talking, 150 Protestant clergymen and laymen, calling themselves the Citizens for Religious Freedom, were meeting behind closed doors several blocks away in Washington's Mayflower Hotel. Their purpose: to dedicate themselves to the proposition that Jack Kennedy's Roman Catholicism would by no means be forgotten as an election issue. At the close of their session, they issued a 2,000-word manifesto that more than any other statement thus far in the campaign served to make religion the most emotional issue of the 1960 election.

The churchmen met privately, refused to list the names of those who attended. But reporters quickly identified two prominent leaders:

¶ Dr. Daniel Poling, 75, editor of the influential Protestant monthly, *Christian Herald* (circ.: 427,000), unsuccessful Republican candidate for mayor of Philadelphia in 1951, and an antagonist of Jack Kennedy's since 1950. It was then that a building-fund dinner was held in Philadelphia for an interfaith chapel within the Grace Baptist Temple (Poling's pulpit from 1936 to 1948) to be dedicated to the memory of the four famed Army chaplains who went down with the troopship *Dorchester* in 1943—including Poling's own son, Lieut. Clark V. Poling. Congressman Kennedy accepted an invitation to speak, backed out at the last minute on advice from the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. Poling has never forgiven

Walter Daran

DR. DANIEL POLING
Antagonism ran deep.

Kennedy—and he has never let Protestants forget the incident.*

¶ Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, 62, a long-standing Republican whose Protestant following rivals Billy Graham's as the largest in the U.S. His nationally syndicated column, *Confident Living*, appears in 196 newspapers. His radio show, *The Art of Living*, is broadcast on some 60 NBC stations. His monthly magazine, *Guideposts*, reaches far and wide across the land. His church, Manhattan's Marble Collegiate, is filled to overflowing for each of his two Sunday sermons. He has sold more than 4,000,000 hard-covered copies of his books, *e.g.*, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, *A Guide to Confident Living*.

Soft on Catholicism. Dr. Peale presided over the meeting, according to two eavesdropping reporters, John J. Lindsay of the Washington *Post and Times-Herald* and Bonnie Angelo of Long Island's *Newsday*. "Our American culture is at stake," said Peale. "I don't say it won't survive, but it won't be what it was."

Dr. L. Nelson Bell, executive editor of

Richard Checani

DR. REINHOLD NIEBUHR
Disagreement was complete.

the biweekly *Christianity Today* (paid and free circ.: 160,000) and father-in-law of Billy Graham, was more alarmed. Too many Protestants, said he, are "soft" on Catholicism. "Pseudo tolerance is not tolerance at all but simply ignorance." If Jack Kennedy were to become President, he said, then Montana's Mike Mansfield would become Senate majority leader and Massachusetts' John W. McCormack would continue as House Democratic floor leader. "Both are fine men, but both belong to a church with head-

Martha Holmes

DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE
Pressure was assumed.

quarters in Rome." And to Bell, Rome was little better than Moscow: "The antagonism of the Roman church to Communism is in part because of similar methods." Dr. Harold J. Ockenga, of Boston's Park Street Church, compared Kennedy to Nikita Khrushchev, saying that each is "a captive of a system."

"Wall of Separation." Unanimously, the group adopted a declaration that had been largely framed beforehand—authors unknown. It was no less tough than the speeches, but more moderately expressed. In essence, it charged that the Vatican would sway any Catholic President in areas of foreign affairs, education and church-state relationships. "It is inconceivable," said the statement, "that a Roman Catholic President would not be under extreme pressure by the hierarchy of his church to accede to its policies with respect to foreign relations, including representation to the Vatican . . . Is it reasonable to assume that a Roman Catholic President would be able to withstand altogether the determined efforts of the hierarchy to gain further funds and favors for its schools and institutions, and otherwise breach the wall of separation of church and state? . . .

"In various areas where they predominate," said one fire-breathing passage, "Catholics have seized control of the public schools, staffed them with nun teachers wearing their church garb, and introduced the catechism and practices of their church. In Ohio today—a state with a Roman Catholic Governor—according to an attorney general's ruling, Roman Catholic nuns and sisters may be placed on the public payroll as schoolteachers."*

After hearing an appeal to raise $20,-

* Kennedy's side of the story: "A few days before the event, I learned that I was to be 'the spokesman for the Catholic faith.' I was not being invited as a former member of the armed services or as a member of Congress, or as an individual. I further learned that the memorial was to be located in the sanctuary of a church of a different faith. This is against the precepts of the Catholic Church. Because of this fact, the Archdiocese of Philadelphia was unable to support the drive. Therefore, I felt I had no credentials to attend in the capacity in which I had been asked."

* The facts: in 1958, under Republican (and Protestant) Governor C. William O'Neill, Ohio Attorney General William B. Saxbe was asked to rule whether school boards could employ nuns to ease a grave teacher shortage. He ruled that they could indeed hire nuns (as they have been doing for 39 years), allow them to wear habits in class. Said Democratic (and Catholic) Governor Mike DiSalle, demanding an apology from Peale: "This matter has never been before me."

000 (to carry the message to the "grass roots"), the group selected Peale to meet the press. Warned a conferee: "Say one wrong word, and the press will murder us—by next week we'll be out of business." Peale made a joke: "Pray for us while we are talking to those reporters." A soloist sang *I Want to Be a Christian in My Heart*, and Peale strode into the lions' den of waiting newsmen. Why had the churchmen not criticized the fact that Richard Nixon is a Quaker? Said Peale: "I didn't know that he ever let it bother him." Why were not such liberal theologians as Reinhold Niebuhr present? Answered Peale: "If he were here, we'd never get anything done."

Reaction came quickly from liberal Protestants who violently disagreed. Among them:

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, recently retired vice president of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary: "Dr. Peale and I disagree on everything, religiously and politically."

JAMES A. PIKE, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California: "Any argument which would rule out a Roman Catholic just because he is a Roman Catholic is both bigotry and a violation of the constitutional guarantee of no religious test for public office."

PAUL TILLICH, Harvard theology professor: "I believe the time must come in which America must take the risk of having a Catholic candidate. Every election is a risk. Nixon would be a risk for other reasons."

JOHN C. BENNETT, dean of the faculty at Union Theological Seminary: There exists a "Protestant underworld that stirs up undisguised hatred of Catholics. What kind of a country do these Protestants want—a country in which 40 million citizens feel that they are outsiders?"

The Peale-Poling manifesto was also swiftly condemned by the New York Board of Rabbis, representing 700 Orthodox, Conservative and Reform rabbis. Said its president, Rabbi David I. Golovensky: "Voting for a presidential candidate because he is a Catholic or voting against him because he belongs to the Catholic faith is a sinister betrayal of the fundamental precept of American democracy." In the influential Jesuit weekly *America*, the Rev. John Courtney Murray, a front-rank Catholic theologian, said that "the oldest American prejudice, anti-Catholicism, is as poisonously alive today as it was in 1928, or even in the 1840s. My chief hope is that old Catholic angers will not rise. Now is the time for the tradition of reason, which is the Catholic tradition, to assert itself."

UPI

KENNEDY TRAIN AT REDDING, CALIF.
A punch for the ticket, a lift for the crowd.

Nuances & Traps. Jack Kennedy's headquarters rolled out tens of thousands of copies of Kennedy's major statements on the religious issue, emphasizing that "the separation of church and state is fundamental to our American concept and heritage and should remain so." While whistle-stopping through California, Kennedy hit the issue head on. "I do not accept the view that my church would place pressures on me," he said. "The great struggle today is between those who believe in no God and those who believe in God." He also accepted an invitation to address the Greater Houston Ministerial Alliance—in an eye of the anti-Catholic storm—and then submit to a televised question period this week.

Dick Nixon was in a tighter bind. While the religion issue could win him inroads in the South and Midwest, it could lose him the big Northern states—and the election—by welding the many Nixon-disposed Catholics of the cities and suburbs into a pro-Kennedy voting bloc. But there were nuances and traps of all kinds, for all sides, in the religion issue, and both Republicans and Democrats knew it.

DEMOCRATS

Whistle While You Work

Aboard the Southern Pacific's *New Frontier Special*, the mood varied from convivial nostalgia in the bar and press cars, as oldtimers recalled the whistle-stop campaigns of the past, to steadily rising spirits in the blue-carpeted observation car, where Jack Kennedy and his aides mulled over the speeches and counted noses at every stop. "This train is headed not only south," Kennedy shouted from the rear platform to a crowd in Marysville, Calif., "but it's headed toward Washington!"

As the three big diesels hauled the 15-car campaign train through the Cascade Mountains into California at the beginning of the two-day trip, Kennedy—and the trackside crowds—warmed to the old-fashioned whistle-stop idea. In tiny Dunsmuir, deep in the shadows of 14,000-ft. Mount Shasta, 500 chilly citizens and a tiny burro greeted the candidate and the new day with a rousing cheer that echoed up the canyon. At Redding the sun was warmer, and 1,500 citizens lined up under a fringe of trees along the siding while Kennedy trotted out the old nostalgia ("I follow here in 1960 the same trail Harry Truman took in 1948 when he came down this valley and carried California in the 1948 election"). At Sacramento, 5,000 massed in the station to hear Kennedy invoke the shade of a famous Republican: "Abraham Lincoln said, 'I know there is a God and he hates injustice. I see the storm coming and I see his hand in it. If he has a place and part for me, I am ready.' And I say in this campaign as the storm breaks around the great Republic, that there is a place for us and we are ready."

Adlai & Mother. All through the hot day the train clacked through the almond groves and peach orchards of the Central Valley, and Kennedy pulled the stops, one by one. In Richmond, introducing his sister, Pat Lawford, it was American motherhood ("My wife is home, and we are having a baby—a boy—in November"). A reference to Adlai Stevenson drew loud cheers in Richmond, deep in Stevenson heartland. There were the inevitable home-grown beauties bearing gifts: olives and peaches in Red Bluff, a jug of water in Dunsmuir, a camellia plant in Sacramento (earlier in the week there were Shoshoni war bonnets in Pocatello). And in Roseville the surprise package was California's Governor Pat Brown, who had joined the trackside audience, clung to the rear-platform railing when the train started off unexpectedly, was finally hauled aboard by Kennedy.

Pulling into Oakland, the *New Frontier Special* was as gay as a football train, and Campaign Schedule Manager Kenny O'Donnell was busy revamping Kennedy's schedule to include more and longer whistle stops. In Oakland, the gloomy forecasts of local politicos came to nothing: the civic auditorium brimmed over with 6,000 yelling Democrats, and 500 others shuffled in the street outside.

Easing into Bakersfield for the whistle-stop windup the next day, the Kennedy train looked like a rolling fruit stand, jammed with the offerings of a dozen Central Valley towns.

In Los Angeles the campaign story was the same: 7,000 full-throated Californians filled the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium while another 2,000 gathered outside. Jack Kennedy was visibly weary, with deep circles under his eyes and an ominous hoarseness creeping into his voice, but he cracked out a cogent speech that was largely off the cuff.

Jumpy Moods. Behind Kennedy lay his first full week of campaigning as a national candidate, along a trail that covered Alaska, Michigan, and the far West. It was a week of ups and downs, exhilarating and disappointing by turn. In Detroit, 35,000 listless labor unionists turned up in Cadillac Square for the traditional Labor Day speech—far fewer than the 100,000 the labor bosses had promised. In Portland, Ore., on the other hand, several hundred latecomers were turned away at the door of the Civic Auditorium, while the youthful capacity crowd of 6,000 whooped it up inside with *Happy Days Are Here Again* and balloons and swarmed onto the stage after the beaming candidate. The size and mood of the crowds varied puzzlingly from stop to stop, and Kennedy's most consistent admirers seemed to be the teen-agers, who swarmed around him like the children of Hamelin around the piper—a good sign, according to John Bailey, Kennedy's Connecticut henchman, who saw a parallel to the youngsters who liked Ike so well in 1952.

Kennedy's own performance was as unpredictable as his audiences. Often, when his political antennae sensed the mood of his listeners, he threw away his carefully prepared texts (to the despair of such high-caliber, hard-working speechwriters as Dick Goodwin, Ted Sorensen and John Bartlow Martin) and launched into impromptu speeches with an eloquence and fervor that reminded middle-aged listeners of the young F.D.R., and touched off wild ovations. Again, he plodded through his speeches as unenthusiastically as his listeners responded to them. Under the direction of Voice Coach Blair McClosky, the Kennedy voice was usually well modulated, right from the diaphragm. But occasionally it launched into uncontrolled stridency.

In his off-the-cuff substitutions for formal speeches, Kennedy sometimes raced too briskly to the point; often he was guilty of oversimplification. But in happier moments (notably in press conferences and informal question-and-answer sessions), he impressed the experts with his detailed knowledge, eloquence and deft uptake. As the campaign surged into high gear, Kennedy left a jet stream of issues behind him (*see box*), along with the jagged seismograph of his public image. Getting into the swing of it, he proved that he can be as tough, skillful and attractive as any other candidate currently on the stump—and worthy of Dick Nixon's wariest respect.

REPUBLICANS

Back to the Battle

Favoring his game left knee ever so slightly, Vice President Richard Nixon slipped out of Walter Reed General Hospital a day ahead of schedule last week and back into the heat of the campaign. His doctors pronounced him recovered from the staph infection that had bedded him down for eleven days, yielded to his argument that he deserved a full weekend with his family before this week's 9,000-mile, 14-state foray.

Candidate Nixon put his final week of enforced confinement to good use. He worked on the fine points of strategy and schedules with aides, named some citizens' committees to campaign for the ticket. He made the front pages with a proposal that the U.S. finance several new institutes to pursue basic scientific research. Most of all, the Vice President used the time to gather some much-needed new material for his speeches, as he had last July when he entered solitary confinement for one week to frame his successful Chicago acceptance speech.

While the past fortnight gave Jack Kennedy an advantage in being able to campaign without competition, it also gave Nixon the advantage of being able to store up some rest and collect his thoughts—an advantage that a sometimes hoarse and weary Jack Kennedy might well eye with envy.

KENNEDY'S LIBERAL PROMISES

While the headlines were crowded with the religious issue, Presidential Candidate Jack Kennedy was busy nailing down some issues of perhaps more importance to his political future. In his first full week of campaigning, he revealed himself as the farthest-out liberal Democrat around. In a sweeping section of his Labor Day speech in Detroit, for example, he embraced civil rights, collective bargaining, increased minimum wages, a lifting of immigration restrictions, more pay for teachers, and more aid for the aged, farmers and small businessmen. Excerpts from Kennedy's week of speeches:

Economic Growth. "Last year, the United States had the lowest rate of economic growth of any major industrialized society in the world. With an average rate of growth in this country, every workingman in the last eight years would have received $7,000 more than he has received." With a "really healthy rate of growth," the U.S. can have full employment, "pay for all the defenses this Administration says we can't afford," build the best schools and hire "the best-paid and best-trained teachers. If we're going to grow the way we should grow, we must adopt fiscal policies that will stimulate growth and not discourage it."

Credit Restrictions. "Every American who financed a home, who bought a refrigerator, who bought an automobile, bought a television set, has suffered from this high-interest-rate policy. Those of you who bought a home for $10,000 with a 30-year mortgage are going to pay out $3,300 more for that house than you would have paid in the Truman Administration." The promise: to lower "artificially high interest rates."

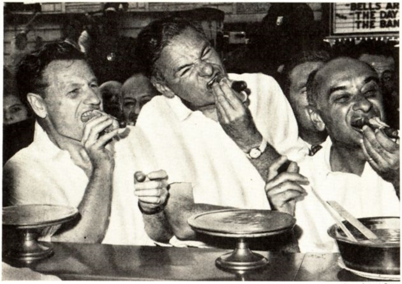
Labor. "The goals of the labor movement are the goals for all Americans, and their enemies are the enemies of progress."

Automation. "Unless we begin to attack it, not as a problem in one plant or in one company, but as a national problem which demands our attention, then by 1970 the blight of West Virginia could spread across this country. We must make it plain that the installation of new machinery is a proper subject for collective bargaining. The Government must offer technical assistance to those companies which want to bring in new machinery but want to do it without undue hardship to the workers."

Education. "It is time for emergency federal action to halt the decline in American education." Needed: U.S. help for school construction and for teachers' salaries.

Natural Resources. "We are going to reverse the policy of no new starts. So vast, so complex and so essential are our natural resources that they cannot be parceled out piecemeal. I think it would be most useful to establish for the office of the President himself a council of resource and conservation advisers to survey the whole scope of our natural resources so that we can, as a country, not merely as a basin, develop the resources for 1970 and 1980." When the U.S. builds "a great dam, I don't think the people should pay for irrigation and have the power distributed by a private company." Also promised: a "maximum effort to get fresh water from salt water."

Civil Rights. The burden of the civil rights fight falls more on the presidency than Congress. "The next President must exert the great moral and educational force of his office to help bring equal access to public facilities, from churches to lunch counters, and to support the right of every American to stand up for his rights, even if on occasion he must sit down for them. For only the President, not the Senate and not the House and not the Supreme Court, can create the understanding and tolerance necessary as the spokesman for all the American people."



Associated Press

CABOT LODGE & FRIENDS AT CONEY ISLAND*
Cutting the mustard.

POLITICAL NOTES

Voices of Veeps

Two voices that had been pretty quiet on political matters since the conventions spoke out last week, as Vice Presidential Candidates Henry Cabot Lodge and Lyndon Baines Johnson hit the campaign trail.

Following up a fast trip to Jewish resort hotels in New York's Catskill Mountains, where he won strong applause from mainly Democratic audiences, Lodge made a tour of New York beaches with Governor Nelson Rockefeller, and proved that the G.O.P. politicians who had considered Patrician Lodge too snooty to appeal to plebeian voters didn't know their man. Recognized by beachgoers as the strapping, handsome guy they had seen battling the Russians in televised United Nations debates, Lodge had a great day. At Long Island's Jones Beach, he kissed his first baby of the 1960 campaign and got the father's promise of a vote. At Coney Island, a coatless, tieless, wide-grinning Lodge, ringed by a flock of oohing-aahing teen-agers, made his way to Nathan's celebrated hot-dog emporium, cheerfully gulped down a well-mustarded Nathan's Famous Hot Dog.

In a speech to a Republican audience in the Philadelphia suburb of Abington, Lodge said that the way to "reduce the danger of a hot war" was to "win the cold war." On Lodge's Boston home grounds, during what was billed as a nonpolitical "homecoming," a newsman asked him how he proposed to go about winning the cold war. One way that would help, said Lodge, would be to "follow the maxim of Stonewall Jackson—'Mystify, mislead, and surprise' "—and therefore he wasn't telling.

Texan Johnson invaded the unfamiliar territory of Boston earlier in the week, and for the first time, after all the years of soft-pedaling criticism of foreign policy in the national interest, really opened up. He struck a cowboy pose atop a policeman's horse and declared that the "basic issue in the campaign" was "trying to restore the prestige of the United States." In a speech to a Democratic gathering in Boston's Symphony Hall, Johnson hammered away at his point. "America no longer stands pre-eminent," he said. "Her friends are uncertain of her. Her adversaries boast, and with obvious relish, that they are certain—certain that they can and will overtake us and bury us. Under no single Administration in American history has the position of our nation in the world declined so far or so fast as it has under the Republicans now serving in Washington."

Jabbing at the G.O.P. claim to greater "experience" in world affairs, Johnson broke into rhetorical questions that dripped sarcasm as a Nathan's Famous drips mustard: "Where is the evidence of their victories and successes in the world we look upon today? Where are the fruits of that maturity and that experience?" In Kennedy's home town of Boston, Johnson seemed to stir far less crowd-pulling curiosity than Cabot Lodge, the Boston Brahmin, on the beaches of Coney.

Public's Opinion of Polls

Every election year Los Angeles' City News Service conducts a telephone poll of Los Angeles residents on a few major ballot choices, supplies the results to local newspaper clients. The polling is carried out mostly by college students, who pick the names at random from metropolitan Los Angeles' five phone books. Over the years, Editor Joseph Quinn has come to expect about 1,500 replies out of 3,000 calls. But this year things went wildly wrong. C.N.S.'s results in last week's poll on Nixon *v.* Kennedy, plus two local ballot questions:

Total calls made: **3,812.**

Hung up without listening to a single question: **2,107.**

Listened to at least one question (usually only one), but refused to answer any because "all polls are rigged," or something to that effect: **1,671.**

Willing to answer: **34.**

Undecided on Kennedy v. *Nixon:* **19.**

Voting on Kennedy v. *Nixon:* **15.**

And how did the 15 votes divide between Kennedy and Nixon? Nobody at the C.N.S. is sure. "We were so shocked," explains Quinn, "that nobody remembered to tabulate the final answers before we threw the stuff away. Obviously, people have completely lost confidence in polls. Maybe the scientifically conducted ones are still O.K., but I wouldn't want to bet even on that."

Old Joe's Revenge

Old Joe Martin's world was the U.S. House of Representatives. A genial, teetotaling bachelor and newspaper publisher from North Attleboro, Mass., he was re-elected to the House consistently from 1924, served for 20 years as the Republican leader, for two terms as Speaker. Then, as last year's session began, Joe Martin's world exploded around him; in a coup by the G.O.P. young guard that shocked him to tears, he was cast out of the minority leadership in favor of Indiana's tough, driving Charlie Halleck. This week, from the obscurity of his back-row seat, Old Joe, 75, evens the score in a brooding, bitter memoir, *My First Fifty Years in Politics* (McGraw-Hill; $4.50), as told to Robert J. Donovan, Washington chief of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Martin's book gives little aid and comfort to the G.O.P. during election year. Excerpts:

Franklin Roosevelt: An inspirational leader. The New Deal did some lasting good. Notwithstanding, Roosevelt's philosophy weakened our ideals of self-reliance, and we are poorer for it.

Associated Press

MARTIN & HALLECK (1959)
Brooding on the wounds.

* New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz.

Harry Truman: A surprising man, smarter than most people realized. Truman and I long have been friends.

Charlie Halleck: An ambitious rival. Halleck had come to Congress in the first place hell-bent on running for President, Vice President, Speaker, or whatever else opportunity might put in his way. Charlie is always available. I regarded him as neither a popular choice nor a man who could provide the kind of leadership the party needed. I overlooked the diligent activity of lobbyists of the automobile industry, the business organizations and the beef trust, who were scurrying all over town trying to line up votes for Halleck.

Richard Nixon: I had given Nixon many a lift over the years when he was a rising young politician. But the Vice President was careful to do nothing to discourage his own followers in the House from supporting Halleck.

Dwight Eisenhower: Republican was a word that was not on the tip of his tongue. Although his political instincts have been very sure, Eisenhower was not a professional politician experienced in the operation of party machinery. He found many of the day-to-day troubles of the party tedious, and, in particular, he loathed the problem of patronage. The President never surrounded himself with assistants who could solve political problems with professional skill. Except in the case of certain members who happened to be proficient golfers, there has not been any true comradeship between the White House and the Republicans in Congress.

Joe Martin: My defeat was part of the price I had to pay for remaining in public life so long. Everyone who stays in it loses sooner or later.

LABOR

Public Be Damned

By common agreement, the most senseless strike of the year was the stoppage of the Pennsylvania, the nation's largest railroad, by power-hungry Labor Boss Mike Quill, his 15,000 nonoperating Transport Workers.

Even pro-labor editorialists beat on Quill for his public-be-damned arrogance, responsible labor leaders conspicuously shunned his cause, and the 52,000 idled Pennsy workers from other unions chafed to get back to work. Last week Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell abandoned his seven-year stand of strict impartiality in labor disputes to rap Mike Quill: "Reasonable people sitting down at the bargaining table can settle this dispute very quickly," said he. "If Mike wants to be reasonable—and the company, I think, is reasonable in this area—he can settle it."

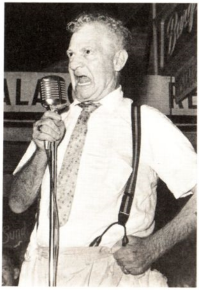
Quill, who rose to power by periodically paralyzing New York City's subways with strikes and threats of strikes, was as truculent as ever. He rejected an offer by the Pennsy to submit the issues to binding arbitration, held out for his "rock-bottom" terms—including a demand that the Pennsy settle a union jurisdictional dispute in favor of his union. Quill still demanded power to prevent the Pennsy from assigning his workers to different jobs on the line, from closing antiquated plants and selling obsolete equipment, from contracting out maintenance and construction work. He even wanted his unionists to service the autos driven by Pennsy salesmen. Management negotiators turned him down.

As leaders of other rail unions met with Mitchell in Chicago to thresh out the problem of featherbedding on all railroads, Mike Quill turned his thick Irish brogue on Mitchell, whom he called a liar. The only heartening thing about Mike Quill's strike was the growing evidence that the U.S. has had its fill of Quill.

LOUISIANA

The Brother

"My weakness," confessed Earl Kemp Long some time ago, "is that I spout off too much. But if I ever closed this mouth, God help Uncle Earl." Last week, only nine days after he won the Democratic primary nomination (and thus the election) for Congress from his home district, contentious Ole Earl Long, 65, three-time Governor of Louisiana, uneasy heir to the political fortunes of his rabble-rousing dictator brother Huey, said his last. Bedded in an Alexandria hospital, his body ravaged by a weak heart and his mind deteriorated, he gulped a cup of coffee, turned over in bed, coughed and died.



EARL K. LONG
Don't wink anything you can nod.

It was Earl Long's fate to live and strive in Huey's shadow. It was a striving founded on Earl's passionate conviction that he was twice the man Huey was—and, ironically, he was, save for the vital inability to match Huey's inner fire, his failure to plumb the imagination of Louisianians with Huey's black magic.

Piracy & Patronage. Earl had a sharp political instinct and, unlike Huey, the courage of a bull. He fought Huey's childhood battles for him, and later after he followed Huey from their Winnfield homestead as a traveling salesman, lawyer and political guerrilla, he fought some of his older brother's political battles for him too (once Earl nearly chewed off the finger of an opponent, another time lunged at a man and bit him in the throat). Yet, even at the peak of Huey's power, Earl was still in the shadow, forbidden by the Kingfish to climb the higher reaches. Their falling out was bitter; to Earl, Huey was "the yellowest coward that God ever let live."

After Huey's assassination in 1935, Earl fought his way at last to the big time on his own. He became lieutenant governor under the corrupt Richard Leche, who soon went to jail with some of Huey's old henchmen, leaving Earl in the driver's seat for two years. In 1948, Earl won his first full term as governor, and proceeded to out-Huey Huey. Where once Huey had said of a legislator, "We bought him like a sack of potatoes," Earl chuckled, "I just rent 'em. It's cheaper that way."

He stuck his face into legislative meetings and sessions, collared recalcitrant lawmakers, threatened, cajoled. His technique, as he liked to explain it: "Don't write anything you can phone, don't phone anything you can talk face to face, don't talk anything you can smile, don't smile anything you can wink, and don't wink anything you can nod." Earl wiped up a $45 million budget surplus, then went on a piratical tax spree. True to Huey's method of giving the people what they wanted while soaking them for it, he expanded welfare programs and at the same time allowed the patronage-hungry legislature to kill off the civil service system.

Dream & Nightmare. The crack-up came last year, during Ole Earl's second full term. Though he was prohibited by the state constitution from succeeding himself, he planned to run again for Governor by resigning, letting his lieutenant governor take over, and then registering himself as a candidate. His heart weakened, his mind aflame with his dream, Earl embarked on a mad binge. He began drinking heavily (swigging in public from a Coke bottle), flew into foulmouthed rages over real and imagined affronts (a real one: U.S. taxmen were investigating his records). He took up with a stripteaser, squandered money on bookies and in nightclubs.

Then in May 1959, after the lawmakers blocked his grand plan, he turned up at a joint session of the legislature, crazed with booze, and sailed into a long, disjointed, profanity-studded speech (TIME, June 15 *et seq.*). In the nightmarish weeks that followed he was spirited in and out of three mental hospitals, then failed miserably to make a comeback as lieutenant governor, and finally won his last small victory in the congressional race.

Even in death he was overreached by his brother's remarkable shadow. His coffin last week was placed in the lobby of the state capitol for 24 hours. Oldtimers recalled that that was just the way old Huey was laid out—not far from the spot where Huey was martyred by an assassin's bullet.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE NATIONS

Storm at Sea

With political storm warnings flying at every threatened point, with forecasters issuing hourly revisions of his probable future course, with experts battening down and shoring up exposed positions against the expected assault, Nikita Khrushchev last week headed across the Atlantic toward New York and the U.N. General Assembly. His decision to come to New York by ship had its bright side. For ten whole days Nikita would presumably be reduced to nothing more than a disembodied presence at the other end of a radio circuit.

The Foot Stomper. For the West, this was a much appreciated relief. Scarcely had Khrushchev returned to Moscow last week from his Finnish jaunt (*see below*) when he pushed up to U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson at a diplomatic reception and blustered that the Soviets had secret information that the NATO nations were planning "a new provocation in September by sending a plane over the Black Sea." Aggressively, he added: "But we are ready and the orders are to shoot it down."

"That's a very serious statement," retorted Thompson. "Do you mean you would shoot down planes flying over international waters in the Black Sea?" Backing off, Khrushchev replied that he only meant Russia would shoot down any planes that flew along Soviet borders. "You send ships along our coasts and planes over Alaska," snapped Thompson. "We aren't interested in Alaska," said Khrushchev piously and then, abruptly, shifted to a renewal of his familiar demand for a U.S. apology over the U-2 incident. Gesturing as if to stomp on Ambassador Thompson's foot, he declared: "If I step on your foot, you expect me to apologize. Why didn't you apologize for the U-2? If you are strong, you can afford to apologize."

Russia's Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan tried to calm Nikita down by assuring him that Thompson was "in a very difficult position," and in the best wifely tradition, Mrs. Thompson announced that she was ready to accept all blame for the argument. But before tempers cooled, Nikita had spelled out one of his purposes in coming to the U.N.: to ask the General Assembly "to judge the U.S. as an aggressor" because of the U-2 and RB-47 flights.

Be My Guest. To make sure his New York propaganda show would not be wasted on run-of-the-mill diplomats, Nikita was also busy last week firing off notes urging the leaders of the neutralist nations to show up at the General Assembly, or stand revealed as no true peace lovers. So far, he had failed with the senior neutralist of them all—India's Jawaharlal Nehru, who still seemed disposed to keep his Sept. 19 date for a state visit to Pakistan. But Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, Indonesia's Sukarno, the U.A.R.'s Nasser and Yugoslavia's Tito had already announced that they would be in New York, and Ceylon's Mrs. Bandaranaike was making interested noises. In Latin America, the only chief of government who was publicly committed to come so far was the Dominican Republic's Generalissimo Trujillo, who is making a show of turning toward Russia out of fury at the U.S. But odds were that Trujillo's bitter enemy and presumptive "neutralist" bedfellow, Fidel Castro, would also be on hand.

At least one self-described neutralist—Guinea's President Sékou Touré—could already be counted a vote in Khrushchev's pocket at the U.N. Early last week, as Touré flew into Moscow for a two-day state visit, Guinea's ambassador to Russia—who had been staying as a guest in

Associated Press

AMBASSADOR THOMPSON & OPPONENT
The decision did have its bright side.

Moscow's ornate Spiridonovka Palace—remarked that he would like to stay in the place permanently. "Please do," said Khrushchev offhandedly, and with that, impoverished Guinea (pop. 2,800,000) acquired a Moscow embassy bigger than that of either Britain or France. Dazedly proclaiming that he and his country would not have been so munificently treated in "reactionary states," Touré promptly signed a communiqué proclaiming that Guinea's views on the future of Africa and the world were identical to Russia's.

The Floating Summit. At week's end, having taken care of his guest list, Khrushchev traveled to the Baltic harbor of Kaliningrad to board the turbo-electric liner *Baltika* for New York. It was quite a boatload of heavies. With Khrushchev went 170 Soviet aides and three satellite leaders: Hungary's Janos Kadar, Bulgaria's Todor Zhivkov and Rumania's Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej. Most notable satellite boss missing: Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka, who is coming separately.

Built in Holland in 1940, and taken over by the Russians from the Germans as World War II booty, the *Baltika* (known as the *Vyacheslav Molotov* until Molotov's 1957 disgrace) is the flagship of the Soviet merchant fleet, and as such is comfortably appointed. But she is a small vessel as liners go (7,494 gross tons *v.* the *Queen Elizabeth's* 83,000 tons), and if any of the Red bosses have delicate stomachs, the floating Communist summit may be intermittently interrupted for reasons beyond political control.

Make Mine Manhattan. While the *Baltika* set course for North America, U.S. officialdom resentfully pondered how to handle her cargo once it arrived. In New York two State Department security men met with Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy to consider how to protect a galaxy of the world's least popular statesmen from assassination. In Washington officials brooded over what to do if Khrushchev suddenly took it into his head that it would be nice to revisit San Francisco. Their decision, communicated to the Russians in a cold note (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS): Unless he asks, and is granted, specific permission to go elsewhere, Khrushchev will be restricted to Manhattan Island.

COMMUNISTS

The Split

As that floating committee room, the *Baltika*, churned and rolled across the Atlantic with Nikita Khrushchev and his claque of Communism's top brass, most pervasive presence aboard was the man who wasn't there—Red China's Mao Tse-tung. It is increasingly apparent that, more than the Congo or Cuba, what is chiefly on Khrushchev's mind is his clash with Mao.

To the West, the squabble may seem merely a falling-out among ideologues. But in reality the dispute has been translated into a bitter competition for high stakes. Western experts who used to discount the Khrushchev-Mao dispute now think it is real, and widening, and may even come to an open break.

Most obvious surfacing of this subterranean dispute is the growing rivalry between the Communist partners for dominance in the emergent new nations of Africa, the restless nations of Latin America. In Communist eyes, this means competition for the ultimate domination of the world.

In the past, the Communists dealt with such countries only through the apparatus of subversion—organizing cells, fomenting strikes, infiltrating fronts, subverting governments. But now new governments are taking power in these places, which are primarily anti-colonialist. They look about in the spirit of the Arab proverb: "The enemy of my enemy is my friend."

Moscow Flanked. The Chinese challenge is based on the contention that they hate colonialism even more than the Rus-

sians. The contention is couched in terms of an argument about "peaceful coexistence." But basically, Mao and his men charge that Khrushchev has lost his nerve; that the West's nuclear deterrent has intimidated him. Wrote China's *Red Flag* scornfully and pointedly: "To be afraid of war, and so to oppose all wars, even denying support to just wars, and to dream of begging peace from the imperialists will sap one's will to fight, bind one's own hands and feet, and weaken preparations against the imperialist war!"

Red China can show some success. More than 100 African delegations have been lured to Peking to discuss economic aid and cultural exchanges. Peking broadcasts 70 hours a week to Africa—twice as many as Moscow. "There are only two revolutions—ours and the Chinese," was a favorite saying in the Castro camps last year, and the Algerian rebels, when Khrushchev was too busy fraternizing with De Gaulle to grant them any favors, got quick promises of guns and money in revolutionary Peking.

In recent months, Khrushchev has been showing the symptoms of a worried man. He had committed the classic mistake (in Communist terms) of allowing somebody to get to the left of him. His wrecking of the summit and his furious rocket-rattling ever since are obviously designed to demonstrate to emergent nations and wavering comrades that nobody can be more militant than Khrushchev. He has cracked the whip among the satellites, demanded that his Communist satraps stand up and be counted. Last week the leaders of Communist North Viet Nam and later Mongolia were duly whipsawed into declaring their support for Khrushchev, and Seoul reported that North Korea's Kim Il Sung, getting ready for Nikita's visit next month, had dutifully purged top leaders of the so-called Chinese faction from his government.

Price of Challenge. In Communist circles, it is no secret that Khrushchev and Mao do not get along. Mao, an aristocrat among revolutionaries, considers Khrushchev an upstart bureaucrat with loutish manners and little culture. The Chinese, at an earlier and more crucial phase of their revolution, feel the need of international tension just as Stalin once did. Khrushchev is more concerned with developing Russia's domestic economy.

In recent months Khrushchev has been taking measures to make Mao realize the price of disputing Russia's pre-eminence. Beginning last June, Soviet technicians have been gradually withdrawn from China; about two-thirds of the estimated 10,000 have now departed. (Last week travelers crossing the Indian border reported that Chinese Communist authorities, in apparent retaliation, have ordered some 300 Russian advisers and technicians to get out of Tibet.) If Mao was going to challenge Russia's leadership, Nikita plainly had no interest in helping China become a major industrial and nuclear power. Washington recently learned that the Russians are distributing through their provincial press a warning of what would happen to "a great country as, let us say, China" if it got in an "isolated position" from other Communist nations and had to face economic blockade and even "military blows" alone.

Bringing his traveling road show to the U.N., Nikita has an opportunity to muster the panoply of Communist power at a place where Mao was not invited. For Nikita, it would be one more opportunity to demonstrate to uncertain nations that if they needed a friend in court or a spokesman who could make his listeners quail, Nikita was still their man.

FINLAND

Seven Come Eight

When Britain set out to counter the six-nation European Common Market with a European free-trade area of its own—knitting together the Scandinavian countries, Portugal, Switzerland and Austria—Finland badly wanted to join to make this Outer Seven an Outer Eight. But President Urho Kekkonen, a longtime neutralist who stoutly insists that Finland's future must be based on Soviet-Finnish "friendship," said nothing doing. Russia, Kekkonen argued, would be displeased if Finland participated in a non-Communist trade bloc.

Warren—Cincinnati Enquirer
SEPTEMBER MORN

In July, when the Outer Seven put into effect its first mutual 20% tariff reduction, the effect on Finnish trade was instant and disastrous. In Britain, Finland's best market, Finnish lumber and paper exporters ran into big trouble from Swedish and Norwegian competition, had to drop prices by as much as $5.60 a ton. Kekkonen, never very popular, was soon in bad political trouble. Last week Nikita Khrushchev decided the time had come to drop in and give him a hand.

Inviting himself to a three-day 60th-birthday celebration for Kekkonen, Khrushchev at first showed no signs that he was really trying to be ingratiating. At a presidential luncheon, which the Finns hoped would be off the record, Khrushchev told the Finns that Russia definitely intended to make it her "business" what Finnish political parties said and did about Finland's ties to Moscow—and then released the speech. Having thus made Finland out to be almost a Kremlin satrapy, Khrushchev next praised Kekkonen as a friend of Russia with such tactless lavishness that even Kekkonen squirmed.

Screwing up his pride at a return Soviet embassy luncheon, President Kekkonen toasted Soviet-Finnish friendship but said that domestically, Finland would never forsake democracy, "even if the whole of the rest of Europe went Communist." Callously ignoring the presence of Hertta Kuusinen, Finland's Communist battle-axe (whose father is a member of the Soviet Party Secretariat in Moscow), Khrushchev amicably agreed: "I am sure nobody wants Communism here."

Late one night Kekkonen carried Khrushchev off to his lakeside villa, where the two stripped and sweated companionably for an hour in Kekkonen's private sauna, then emerged to talk serious business until 5 a.m. Next day the two issued a joint communiqué promptly interpreted as granting Finland permission to become a qualified member of the Free Trade Area in order to "remain competitive in Western markets." What the communiqué seemed to give might still be taken away when actual negotiations begin in Moscow in November (for Khrushchev also insisted upon "maintaining and expanding" Finnish trade with Russia). Nevertheless, a Finnish official in Helsinki jubilantly cried, "We're in, we're in!" and Finland's representatives at a GATT conference in Geneva asked other EFTA members to consider them as already members.

BERLIN

Passes Please

West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt had feared that the Communists were starting a new round of "salami" tactics against Berlin, and last week proved him right. Fortnight ago, Party Boss Walter Ulbricht's East German regime declared a five-day period during which passes would be required of West Germans entering the city's Communist east sector. Last week, taking another slice, the East Germans made the pass requirement permanent for West Germans visiting East Berlin. Excepted from the rule: foreigners and native Berliners, who cross the border by the thousands each day to work in the east. "This will help to sober up the West German militarists," said Ulbricht.

The U.S. called the pass rule "completely illegal," since it violated the old four-power wartime agreements. But as with all Soviet harassment in Berlin, the problem is what effective countermeasures may be taken. The U.S., British and French ambassadors to Bonn hurried into consultation with the West Germans to consider whether to retaliate by curtailing East Germany's $250 million annual trade with Bonn. Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard (who is Acting Chancellor while Konrad Adenauer is vacationing on Italy's Lake Como) called on businessmen for a voluntary trade boycott.

Hardened Berliners took the new rule

calmly enough: they had known worse harassment before. Mainly affected would be West Germans visiting relatives in Communist East Berlin, and so far the passes were easy to get. The nagging question in everyone's mind was how thick the next slice of salami would be.

CONGO

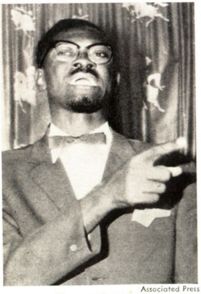
Dag's Problem Child

As politics in the Congo got more and more hectic, and the U.N. found itself forced to take an ever-bigger hand in the Congo's affairs, an uneasy question posed itself. Doesn't any nation have the right to go to hell in its own way?

The Congo was certainly a shambles. The week began with the President firing the Premier and the Premier firing the President. For days, sphinx-like President Joseph Kasavubu had watched the havoc wreaked by Patrice Lumumba's turbulent decrees, had talked privately of plans to end the chaos, and hesitated. Finally, taunted by scornful party youth leaders, who threatened to withdraw their support, Kasavubu roared: "By God, I will act."

On Tape. Hurriedly contacting U.N. officials in Léopoldville, he got tacit agreement to his plan, then rounded up two dissident members of Lumumba's Cabinet to join him in the plot. As night fell, he quietly went to the studios of Radio Léopoldville to deliver his message to the nation, carefully tape-recording his words 20 minutes in advance so he could get away before they were broadcast.

"The Prime Minister has betrayed the task entrusted to him," he sternly declared. "He has deprived many citizens of their fundamental liberties. And now he is involving the country in an awful civil war. Therefore, I have decided to dismiss the government." Naming moderate Senate President Joseph Ileo, 38, as new Premier, he added a hopeful plea that the army lay down its arms.



Associated Press

PREMIER LUMUMBA
"You're fired!"

Turning the Tables. This was the time for action. But Kasavubu merely went back to his residence, now ringed with a special force of U.N. guards, to await signs that the nation had risen to his support. Instead, the man who acted was Patrice Lumumba. Less than an hour later, he appeared at the radio station, brushed aside U.N. troops and broadcast his own message to the nation: "Congolese, stand firm!" he cried in his high, thin voice. "The government cannot be dismissed until it loses the confidence of the people, and the people are fully behind it." Then, having been fired himself, Lumumba called his Cabinet into late night session and proceeded to fire Kasavubu.

Since the Congo was still operating under the unratified *"loi fondamentale"* bequeathed by the Belgians, the constitutional legalities involved in all this were unclear, but Lumumba left no one in doubt as to who held the initiative. Next day, as Kasavubu and his new Premier-designate Ileo sat timidly in the President's home, Lumumba's police fell upon a crowd of Kasavubu followers and opened fire, killing two, wounding twelve, and hauling scores away to jail.

Cops in the Rear. But Kasavubu's scattered supporters hoped to make a comeback in the Assembly where, despite the clusters of rifle-toting cops in the rear, the opposition could speak up without being clubbed on the head. For three hours, as the angry debate roared over his head, Lumumba sat quietly scribbling notes. But the angry voices faded when Lumumba rose to take the floor.

Playing to the legislators' pride, he cried, "Don't you think Kasavubu has insulted you by trying to set up a new government without consulting you?" He opened the pork barrel, suggesting that there were 60 ambassadorial jobs to be filled in Congolese diplomatic posts abroad. "For these tasks of prestige and *savoir faire*, I must depend on you, my dear colleagues," smiled Lumumba.

Snow Job. It was a masterful performance of its kind, and when the Speaker proposed a motion that both Kasavubu's dismissal of Lumumba and Lumumba's dismissal of Kasavubu be wiped off the books and forgotten, the Assembly voted its approval by a whopping 60 to 19. Next day in the Senate, with neither Kasavubu nor even Senate President Ileo himself daring to show up for the debate, Lumumba repeated his snow job with some added embellishments. He waved sheaves of money and held up a transistor radio, claiming they had been taken from a "Belgian spy," presumably a local white who later was produced quivering at a press conference. The Senators had to hear the explanation of the term "vote of confidence" eleven times before they understood what the ballots were for. But then all but nine supported Lumumba.

Aglow with success, the erratic Premier saved his shocker until the end. "The United Nations has plotted with Kasavubu to overthrow my government and failed," he shouted. "We must demand the immediate withdrawal of all United Nations troops from the Congo."

Busy Helpers. What bothered Lumumba was the fact that the U.N. troops were hampering his efforts to invade secessionist Katanga province. For two weeks, Lumumba's fast-shooting soldiers had been prowling along the Katanga frontier from their Kasai stronghold, gathering strength for the assault. This threat of civil war was bad enough, but Hammarskjold was now more alarmed at the busy activities of Soviet Russia, which had first come in to help under the U.N.'s aegis, was now operating high, wide and handsome on its own. Fifteen Ilyushin transports, with "République du Congo" freshly painted on their sides, were flying in and out of Stanleyville, carrying troops and supplies to Lumumba's forward units. Also in the interior were 100 Russian trucks, and Soviet "technicians" were arriving almost daily from the north.

Seizing on the pretext that the falling out between Kasavubu and Lumumba might lead to civil rioting that the U.N. would have to deal with, Hammarskjold's officers ordered the main airports closed to all but U.N. planes, and Hammarskjold reported to the Security Council that "certain assistance from outside" was keeping the threat of civil war alive and gravely handicapping the U.N.'s task. In Washington, President Eisenhower considered the Russian intervention so serious that he had a special statement ready at his press conference warning the Soviets "to desist from unilateral activities." Ike charitably admitted there was no direct evidence of Russian military pilots operating the Ilyushins. But the pilots were certainly not Congolese—the Congo has nobody capable of flying a two-engined plane. To all this the Russians retorted that they would continue aiding Lumumba as long as they wanted to.

Hammarskjold's task was made all the more difficult when the Belgians flew nine tons of ammunition into Katanga, the wealthy and dissident Congo province

Associated Press

PRESIDENT KASAVUBU
"I will act."

Associated Press

KATANGA'S TSHOMBE & BELGIAN INSTRUCTORS
The invasion never came.

run by its self-styled Premier, Moise Tshombe. Abruptly closing all of Katanga's airports, Hammarskjold now incurred the wrath of Tshombe, who had reports that a Lumumba task force was crossing into Katanga from the north. Flouting the U.N.'s orders, Tshombe rushed truckloads of armed Katanga troops to Elisabethville's airport, forced the field's U.N. traffic controller at gunpoint to order the obstacles removed from the strip and let two of his small planes take off. Under U.N. orders not to fire, the officer had to comply.

Vanishing Guards. At week's end Dag Hammarskjold was clearly fed up with his Congo problem child. Before an emergency session of the Security Council, he demanded more power and a clear field to work unhampered. The facts were, said he, that the Congo is near bankruptcy and total administrative collapse. "Some [army] units have not got any pay for two months, and they have no food, with the result that they disobey orders and loot from the civilian population." The Congolese army in Kasai province was running wild, "engaged in slaughter not only of combatants but also of defenseless civilians." Some victims "were deliberately killed simply on the ground that they were Balubas," Hammarskjold said. "Should it be supposed that the duty of the United Nations to observe strict neutrality . . . means that the United Nations cannot take action in such cases?"

To head off further intervention by Russia or Belgium, he asked the Council formally to call on all outside countries to cease unilateral aid. To head off Lumumba's wild adventures, he sought authority to disarm all military groups—both Congolese and Katangan—and negotiate a settlement of the Congo's internal differences.

But even before the Council could vote, Hammarskjold had decided to act in Léopoldville. Suddenly the Congo army guards whom Lumumba had ordered to guard key government offices disappeared from their posts. At sprawling Camp Leopold II, troops were stacking their arms, ignoring the screams of anger from Lumumba. Behind the Premier's back, Congolese army leaders and U.N. officers had worked out arrangements of their own: weapons were to be kept locked in central arsenals, and a cease-fire was arranged in the Katanga campaign. Lumumba insisted it was all a mistake, but the fact remained that the Premier, already effectively deprived of his airports and his radio stations, was now in danger of becoming a Premier without an army. Exultant, President Joseph Kasavubu fired off a cable to U.N. headquarters in Manhattan: "Have honor to inform you of composition of new government of Republic of Congo" and calmly began forming his Cabinet. But Patrice Lumumba was sitting tight in the Premier's office.

For the United Nations, all this was a venture into uncharted political water, far beyond anything that its original architects had envisioned. In just one new nation, 16,000 troops and millions of dollars were committed to keeping order, handling all the household problems, and trying to undo the actions of the Premier who had invited the U.N. into the country in the first place. With more countries getting independence nearly every month, Dag Hammarskjold might well wonder where it all would end.

THE HIGH SEAS

Flying Dutchman

All that is left of the once rich East Indies empire of the Dutch is the far-from-wealthy colony of West New Guinea. Indonesia, which inherited all the rest of the empire, covets New Guinea too. Enraged by Indonesia's noisy propaganda threats, The Netherlands last June sent off to Asian waters the aircraft carrier *Karel Doorman*, along with two destroyers and an oil tanker. The intention: that ancient and largely harmless naval exercise known as showing the flag.

But in these post-colonial days, showing the flag can be hazardous. Hardly had the *Doorman* left Rotterdam when the Russians accused the Dutch of increasing the danger of war in Southeast Asia, the Australians (who occupy the other half of New Guinea) asked for an explanation, and Indonesia sent a formal note of protest. To avoid the probability that Sukarno would ask his neutralist friend Nasser to refuse to let the *Doorman* through the Suez Canal, the carrier was sent the long way around the Cape of Good Hope.

When the *Doorman* arrived at Fremantle, Australia, the local seamen's union struck to show sympathy with Indonesia, refused to man tugs or docking lines. The *Doorman* cranked up her aircraft and maneuvered to her berth by using the propeller blasts to nudge alongside the dock. At Hollandia, New Guinea, the *Doorman* unloaded twelve obsolescent Hawker Hunter turbojets to bolster the small Dutch defense forces. Crying "Horrid imperialists," Indonesia's President Sukarno broke off diplomatic relations with The Netherlands.

The *Doorman's* next scheduled stop was a courtesy call at Yokohama to celebrate the 350th anniversary of the establishment of Japanese-Dutch diplomatic relations. Indonesian officials wept publicly at the idea. Foreign Minister Subandrio declared he was disappointed in the Japanese, who, he had thought, sympathized with Indonesia's efforts to create "a new world free from suppression and misery." Indonesia forthwith threatened to break relations with Japan, and declared that a $20 million contract to buy Japanese textiles was "in danger." Japanese Socialists pronounced the visit "utterly intolerable," and the Zengakuren student federation threatened demonstrations. Last week Japan caved in, withdrew its invitation.

As Sukarno prepared to join Khrushchev at the United Nations next week to raise the question of West New Guinea and the *Karel Doorman*, Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns observed sadly: "International relations are drifting toward a kind of anarchy where blackmail replaces the rules of diplomacy."

FOOD

More to Come

Every day on the planet Earth there are 90,000 more mouths to feed. Every four months the equivalent of the population of Australia is added to the world. By the year 2000 twice as many people will crowd the globe. Even today nearly a third of the earth's population gets fewer calories than the amount at which British adults and children began to lose weight and working efficiency during the war. To feed the growing mass of humans at a level above subsistence, more than 70 square miles of land should be turned over to agriculture every day. But one-fifth of the earth's surface is too cold to produce crops, one-fifth too arid, one-fifth too

mountainous, and one-tenth is bare rock.

In Cardiff, Wales last week, at the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, some 2,000 of the world's leading experts confronted these facts with a surprising optimism. One major fact: world food production—contrary to popular belief—is increasing at a slightly faster rate than world population. Furthermore of the 30% of the earth's surface potentially suitable for cultivation, they claimed, only some 10% is actually in use. Chief difficulty is that the most increased production is in the better developed countries where population is relatively stable. According to Sir Alexander Fleck, higher yields in the underdeveloped countries should come from more fertilizer and water rather than more tractors. Labor-saving equipment "may help to ease the peasant's burden," said Sir Alexander, "but we must beware of suddenly knocking it off his back or he will stumble and fall into unemployment." Greatly increased yields can be obtained by such simple devices as an improved plow, which could be drawn by a bullock, or by increased use of fertilizer. "Just as most people are starved for food, most crops are starved of essential elements—nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium." Though production of nitrogen fertilizer has now reached 10 million tons a year, it "still ranks as one of the most underexploited discoveries of all time." Concluded Britain's Physicist P.M.S. Blackett: "We as scientists and technologists, have already given ourselves the tools by means of which hunger could be banished from the world. It is now up to us as citizens of the world to make sure they are used."

GREAT BRITAIN

Contracting Out

A disconsolate crowd of trade union leaders and Labor Party officials trailed out of the crucial debate at Britain's 92nd annual Trade Union Congress on the Isle of Man last week. "It's shattered everything we've built up these last 25 years," mourned one respected leader. "The fundamental honesty of the party's gone," gloomed another.

In one bumbling session, a thousand delegates committed British organized labor to advocacy of neutralism, to unilateral disarmament and to Britain's gradual retirement from existing alliances. Ludicrously enough, they had also voted support for a contradictory resolution endorsing Labor Leader Hugh Gaitskell's June policy statement, which bases Britain's defense on the NATO alliance and its nuclear deterrent. This confused performance probably set back the Labor Party's chance of returning to power by many years, because the union groups, with their bloc votes, are the real backbone of the Labor Party.

Muddy & Muddled. The vote by the trade unionists was a symptom of how deeply demoralized Labor has become in the wake of three successive election defeats by the Tories. Neither Gaitskell, with his "if-I-may-be-permitted-to-say-so" speaking style, nor the other practical politicians of the Labor Party have provided leadership to offset the doctrinaire Socialists and pacifists that have always comprised a major element of the party from its founding. These, abetted by Communists and fellow travelers and organized by such left-wing Laborite M.P.s as Michael Foot and Anthony Greenwood, have seized on the "ban-the-bomb" emotionalism to attack the policies of the moderate leaders who have tried to keep British labor committed to Western collective defense.

By the time the union delegates gathered last week on the Isle of Man, union

Reuter—European

LABOR'S COUSINS
Dangerously close to a laughingstock.

after union had voted to commit themselves to unilateral nuclear disarmament. At the Congress the key resolution was introduced by Frank Cousins, the leftist onetime truck driver who heads the powerful Transport and General Workers Union (1,224,000 members). It demanded "complete rejection of any defense policy based on the threat of nuclear weapons" and Britain's unilateral disarmament.

The rival resolution endorsing Gaitskell's stand seemed doomed to defeat—until twinkling little Bill Carron, leader of the Amalgamated Engineers (907,000 members) suddenly made a bid to save his old friend. His engineers were committed to vote for unilateral nuclear disarmament. But Carron proclaimed, after consulting with his delegation, that he found no contradiction between the two resolutions and would therefore cast his union's big vote for both.

The debate was as muddled as little Bill's maneuver. For the moderates, T.U.C. Secretary Sir Vincent Tewson uttered common-sense warnings: "Unilateral disarmament would break up the Western alliance. We won't achieve peace by trying to save our own skins." "There's no love or charity in an H-bomb," replied Garment Worker Secretary J. E. Newton emotionally. "I only want to live in peace." Blurted Cousins: "NATO was originally created as a defense body, but there has been a gradual deterioration of that, till now NATO has become an aggressive body."

Stumbling & Crumbling. With Carron's bloc of 907,000 votes, Gaitskell's motion slipped through, 4,150,000 to 3,460,000. But the anti-nuclear resolution was approved with a majority twice as big, a majority that presaged repudiation of Gaitskell's arms stand when the Labor Party conference—including many of the same people—meets next month in Scarborough.

Gaitskell may survive even that blow, since under party rules only a vote of Labor M.P.s may topple him. But whether Gaitskell stays on or not, Labor had showed itself so confused, so vigorless and so undeserving of confidence that it made itself dangerously close to a political laughingstock. And this is Britain's only real alternative party to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's Conservatives.

The Isles of the Blest

While the U.S. keeps looking around uncertainly for its misplaced national purpose, Britain last week was taking a comfortable look at its native culture. A 76-page addition to the London *Times Literary Supplement* examined "The British Imagination" in a score of fields, ranging from poetry to science, women to snobbery. What the critical searchlight revealed, concluded the *Times* editorially, was "more diversity than richness, [a] greater sense of experimentation, consolidation, detachment, compromise (all the British virtues in fact) than actual positive achievement."

Inevitable Comparisons. There is bland acceptance of the fact that much that is now truly and distinctively British was originally borrowed from abroad—largely from France and the U.S. The most prized national characteristic, it was argued, is the universal belief among Britons that they possess a superb sense of humor. British writers, in fact, use humor to put across "a social message which might otherwise seem either boring or too plainly parsonical." Comparisons, odious though they may be, were inevitable. Where "an American novelist wishing to criticize advertising, does so head-on, with moralistic violence," says the *Times*, a Briton, *e.g.* Aldous Huxley in *Antic Hay*, takes a gentler and—inferentially—more engaging approach. Writers such as Kingsley (*Lucky Jim*) Amis similarly express the "'Leave Us Alone' philosophy of young people" in largely humorous terms.

Some things were found puzzling. Why do British novelists shy away from any description of work? The conclusion: "Many of them never do a day's work in their lives (except in wartime) . . . Those who come from the working class emancipate themselves from it as quickly as possible." Ultimately, "the things our novelists know about are the grades and sub-

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tleties and shifts of society . . . with a special emphasis on childhood which leads them towards fantasies of guilt and innocence." What the British novel needs today, says the oracular *Times*, is "not less art, but more life."

Snobs & Anti-Snobs. Religion is disposed of in half a page (largely because of the "dominant English contentment with half-knowledge"), but snobbery gets, naturally, twice the space: "It is a poor thing indeed, but we have made it all our own." Postwar prosperity has done some damage to the barriers of class: "The extremes of English society are still inalienably English, but much in the middle is half American." Most of the population "is constantly engaged in trying to talk more grandly than its parents did . . . It is painful to experience. It is like trying to force a left-handed child to use his right." In Britain, even the anti-snobs feel like snobs, and no matter how a man may dodge or duck, no matter what his protective coloration or self-effacement, "however warily, modestly, gently you tread, some snob or other will find a category for you, and drop you into your class like a wayward pea returned to the pod."

The British, as always, says the *Times*, are good at the solid, reflective, sermonizing and vaguely hypocritical arts. "What we are bad at is the rapid give-and-take of ideas, which alone frightens us into silence." The *Times* describes a stodgy, smugly happy land with probably more poets per capita than any other land in the West, but one where the composite poet "is rather anxious not to look like a poet." Through all the chaotic years, Britain's genius remains intact: that racial talent "for the oblique approach, for a middle-class way of achieving revolutionary ends."

FRANCE

Awaiting the Verdict

Precisely at 3 o'clock one afternoon last week, unseen hands pulled aside a pair of raspberry silk curtains in the Elysée Palace's jampacked *Salle des Fêtes* and, as if propelled by clockwork, a looming, cigar-shaped figure appeared in the royal box overlooking the room. For the fourth time in the two years since he took power in France, Charles de Gaulle had summoned the press to hear him expound his policies and plans.

De Gaulle's prose seemed as ringing as ever as he began with a proclamation of national self-confidence: "Agitation, spreading throughout the world and tremulously reflected by all the media of information, has become the characteristic of our age. But however resounding these commotions may be, obviously they could not succeed in upsetting or intimidating France. We are today solid enough, balanced enough, sure enough of ourselves not to be impressed either by logomachy*

* Hastily consulting their Larousses, French editors gravely translated for their readers: "Logomachy—a dispute where the noise of the words used succeeds in triumphing over the reality of things."

European

De Gaulle Addressing Last Week's Press Conference
On Olympus, signs of an old man's hoarseness.

or gesticulations . . . On each of the great questions we have set our course and we will keep on firmly in that direction." But as the 800 newsmen present began to press him for specific statements on the great questions, De Gaulle's Olympian certitude deserted him. For the first time since he took power, his voice showed signs of an old man's hoarseness. He was by turns belligerent, defiant, sarcastic, and sometimes even seemed to be almost pleading.

When the Knife Speaks . . . Obviously most embarrassing to De Gaulle was the unstanched hemorrhage of the Algerian war, which he clearly feared would produce a jolting diplomatic defeat for France in the U.N. General Assembly session beginning next week. In the last General Assembly a resolution condemning French policy in Algeria failed by only one vote of winning the necessary two-thirds majority. This year, with the U.N. to be enlarged by 15 new African members, the chances that a similar resolution will pass are vastly increased.

Anticipating defeat, De Gaulle served notice that France would pay no heed whatever to any U.N. vote on Algeria, "because if it is true that one can find in this organization a majority made up of totalitarian states, states without cohesion, states without information or for whom international life is made up of invective ad infinitum, France does not recognize for such an eventual majority any sort of qualification to say what is right and what is the law."

With unconcealed bitterness De Gaulle snapped: "It has sometimes been said that it is De Gaulle who can solve the Algerian problem and if he does not do so, no one will. Then may I be allowed to do it? I ask nothing more." Angrily blaming the rebel F.L.N. for the breakdown of last June's abortive truce negotiations, he rasped: "So long as the knife speaks, we cannot talk policy."

Too Many Americans. When the questioning turned to NATO, De Gaulle showed the irritable petulance of a man who was not getting his way. Attacking the integration of NATO military forces, the root principle on which the alliance has based its military strategy, De Gaulle dismissed it as "a system in which, in fact, everything is under the command of the Americans and in which the Americans decide on the use of the principal weapons—in other words, the atomic weapons. But in ten years there have been many changes. France has regained its balance and its thrust and . . . has commenced setting up its atomic arm." He insisted that "if atomic weapons are to be stockpiled on French territory, these weapons should be in French hands," and called for the transformation of NATO into an old-fashioned entente in which each of the members would run its own defense system on its own soil.

Even as he talked of loosening NATO's military ties, De Gaulle, with no apparent sense of inconsistency, demanded a kind of Big Three superdirectorate to coordinate NATO political and military strategy not just for Europe but for the whole world. He implied that much of the chaos in the Congo might have been averted "if the U.S., Great Britain and France had discussed together their positions in this matter from the beginning of the crisis" (and, by implication, imposed a course of action on Belgium) rather than "effacing ourselves before the inadequate and very costly action" of the U.N., which he contemptuously referred to as "the so-called United Nations."

Call for Chaos. Then De Gaulle got in a few cold words about European unity. To suppose that effective political institutions can be built "outside and above the states," he declared flatly, "is a dream." Elliptically, he alluded to his own European dream: a French-led po-

litical confederation of the Common Market nations in which joint policy would be hammered out in periodic meetings of the Common Market premiers and reviewed by "an Assembly formed of delegates from national parliaments." (Snapped one German newspaper: "Instead of an integrated Europe, De Gaulle wants to restore a Europe of Fatherlands.") To get his scheme under way, De Gaulle had a dramatic proposal: "a formal European referendum so as to give this launching the character of popular support and initiative that is indispensable."

Having staked out France's positions for the world in like-it-or-lump-it fashion, De Gaulle indulged in a rare personal comment on his own unique role. Sardonically he declared: "Occasionally people tell me or ask others to tell me—and this is very kind—'Oh yes, you are there and so everything is fine. But after you, it will be chaos.' Then some suggest that we institute this chaos right now so as to ensure my succession. Well, I should like to think that over a bit." Then, while the assembled newsmen chuckled, the raspberry curtains parted again and Charles de Gaulle was gone.

The Sound of the Pipes. Outside the Elysée, De Gaulle's pronouncements left few people laughing, were greeted even by his allies with veiled dismay and hostility. While West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer hopefully announced from an Italian vacation retreat that there must have been "wrong interpretation of some of De Gaulle's ideas," Dutch Foreign Minister Joseph Luns bluntly stated that his government regarded any scheme to dilute NATO as "intolerable." How, others asked, could De Gaulle talk of strictly national defense when nearly the entire French army was bogged down in Algeria? De Gaulle's continental allies regard his idea of a European conference as just a device to establish French hegemony in Europe and to exclude Britain from the Continent permanently. As for the idea of a European referendum, the majority of Western European statesmen seemed to share the feeling of a Roman pundit who noted tartly that "Italian politicians mostly feel they have enough trouble with the voters now."

In France itself the major disappointment was at De Gaulle's failure to produce any new ideas for ending the Algerian fighting. At week's end, as the General moved slowly through Britanny on one of his periodic tours to test his hold over the French people, bagpipes skirled, women in lace caps strained to grasp his hand, and adulatory crowds joined him in emotional mass renditions of the *Marseillaise*. But back in Paris sobersided *Le Monde* sadly warned: "France has no chance of playing the role she legitimately claims in the world as long as this wound of Algeria is open on her side. Frenchmen will not have to wait very much longer to find out if the monarch to whom they confided their destiny at a critical time has really been able to change the course of history or if . . . like so many others, he has only put off the inevitable day of reckoning."

FORMOSA

How to Make a Martyr

Since the Chinese Reds drove his armies from the mainland, Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalists have conscientiously tried to assume the trappings of liberal democracy. In Formosa the Nationalists paid new heed to China's 1946 constitution, which guarantees citizens a free press, free speech and free elections. They set up two "opposition" parties, whose candidates are sometimes allowed to beat out those of Chiang Kai-shek's ruling Kuomintang. But somehow, the vast majority of elective jobs are always won by the Kuomintang, and the opposition parties are careful not to oppose so vigorously as to endanger their Kuomintang subsidies.

Lawrence K. Chang

LEI CHEN

The natives were growing restless.

The Lighthouse Builders. One of the most vocal critics of this state of affairs is bald, hulking Lei Chen, 63, publisher of Taipei's struggling (circ. 23,000) *Free China Fortnightly*. Lei, who joined Chiang's Kuomintang as a youth of 20, served as a Cabinet minister in several Nationalist governments, but was ousted from the party in 1954 either because he was implicated in smuggling (government version) or because he printed criticism of the government in his magazine (Lei's version). Since then, Lei and his editors have ceaselessly berated Nationalist China's "one-party dictatorship," have argued that a genuine two-party system would make the island "a lighthouse of freedom and democracy" for the millions of Red-ruled mainland Chinese.

Fortnight ago Lei formally established the China Democratic Party, put out a 1,500-word platform largely devoted to explaining that the new party agreed with most of the Kuomintang's goals. But what caught the suspicious eye of Kuomintang watchdogs was the fact that most of the members of the China Demo-

cratic Party's executive committee were native-born Formosans. To the mainland Chinese who run the Kuomintang, it seemed clear that Lei & Co. planned to capitalize on discontent among native Formosans, who make up 80% of the island's 10 million population, yet are all but excluded from the top ranks of the Nationalist government.

The Deaf Ear. One morning last week, security police bustled into Lei's suburban Taipei home and hauled the publisher off to face a military court on charges of sedition. Though the Nationalist government insisted that Lei had not been arrested for trying to organize an opposition, the cops (who are bossed by Chiang Kai-shek's son, Moscow-educated Lieut. General Chiang Ching-kuo) were careful to take with them membership lists of the China Democratic Party. Lei's crime, the authorities declared, had been to publish in his magazine articles "defaming the chief of state, creating a feeling of hostility between the government and the people, driving a wedge between the natives of Formosa and the mainlanders," etc. etc. As an afterthought, the government charged that two of Lei's magazine employees had been identified as "Communist spies."

Proud, intemperate Lei Chen, who had hitherto been a relatively obscure figure, found himself famous overnight throughout Formosa and in Chinese colonies abroad. Respected Scholar Hu Shih came to Lei's defense, called him "a patriotic man and certainly an anti-Communist." From the publisher of San Francisco's *Chinese World,* President Chiang Kai-shek received a cable deploring Lei's arrest as "one of the great mistakes of your career." And even within Chiang's government there were those who doubted the wisdom of the move. For by this blunder, the Nationalists stood to jeopardize much of the sympathy Chiang's regime had built up slowly and painfully in its years of exile in Formosa.

SOUTH KOREA

Crack in the Door

Under unforgiving old Syngman Rhee, South Korea for 15 years treated Japan as almost a worse enemy than the Communist regime in North Korea. Unable to forget 35 years of Japanese colonial rule Rhee stubbornly refused to exchange ambassadors with Tokyo, drew an arbitrary "Rhee line" upwards of 60 miles out at sea over which Japanese fishermen crossed at their peril.

Last week, at the invitation of the new South Korean government of Premier John Chang, Japan's Foreign Minister Zentaro Kosaka flew into Seoul, the first Japanese official to set foot on South Korean soil since the end of the war. Though students paraded, shouting, "We still remember your occupation," the official reception was cordial. Kosaka flew back to Tokyo, remarking, "I hope my visit will have an effect like a magic mallet [Japan's version of Aladdin's lamp] which produces inexhaustible treasures."

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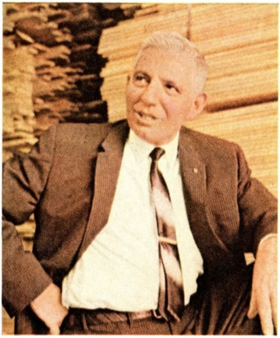

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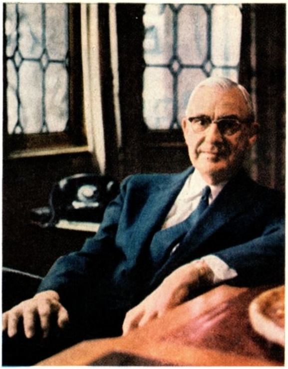

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CUBA

The New Diplomacy

In his ornate office Argentine Foreign Minister Diógenes Taboada, a stern old diplomat of the striped-pants school, ran his eye over a copy of a television speech by Castro's Foreign Minister Raúl Roa, and stiffened with horror. Argentina's President Frondizi, as Roa expressed it, was not only "a viscous concretion of all human excrescences"; he was also "the villain of a badly composed tango."

At the same time Brazil's Foreign Minister Horacio Lafer read Roa's speech and also stiffened. Roa had called him "the run-see-and-tell" of the U.S. State Department. That night, Brazil's President Kubitschek phoned Argentina's Frondizi. Next day envoys from both nations marched stiffly into the Cuban Foreign Office with protests. Said Brazil's ambassador: "My government rejects this offense against national dignity." Said the Argentine note: "The insulting phrases set an imprudent precedent."

A Rejected Rejection. Roa did not even bat an eye. He told the Brazilian envoy that his televised remarks were "correct judgments based on concrete facts." He called Argentina's protest "malicious," sneered that the "dignity of Argentina was defended at San José by the delegation from Cuba and not by the delegation from Argentina." In a cold rage Argentina rejected Roa's rejection and recalled its ambassador. These were episodes in what Cubans call "the new diplomacy." The chief characteristic is supposed to be plain statements to peoples over the heads of their governments.

Rodolfo E. Carrillo

CUBAN DIPLOMAT ROA
Foot in the mouthpiece.

Raúl Roa, the director of the new diplomacy, is a nasty-tempered college professor on leave from Havana University, where he taught sociology and headed the faculty of social sciences. An oldtime leftist who organized fellow Havana University students against the dictatorships of Gerardo Machado and Fulgencio Batista, Raúl Roa once had a reputation as a freedom fighter as well as a free thinker and writer (17 books, mostly on politics). He suffered imprisonment and exile, during part of which he studied in two Manhattan graduate schools (Columbia University, the New School for Social Research) and took a U.S. fellowship (a Guggenheim, to study the New Deal).

Rewarded Lackey. Early in 1959, the Castro revolution, which he helped as a relatively minor member of the resistance, rewarded Roa with the ambassadorship to the Organization of American States. When the revolution's first foreign minister was fired for anti-Communist views a few months later, Roa took his place and got the hemisphere for his lecture room. Now he is the face of Cuba at international gatherings.

Actually, Roa is a mere lackey in the Castro administration. He is not a part of the inner circle, and ranks not as a maker but as an executor of policy. He is told what to do and how to do it. The foreign ministry strongman is Carlos Olivares, nominally the subsecretary, who is much closer to the Communists. Roa's problem is that he cannot live down the evidence of his earlier independence. A collection of his 1953-58 writings published last year under the title *En Pie* (Afoot) shows that until recently he was above all anti-Communist. He sneered at the "trained seals of the Kremlin," warned that "it is necessary to prevent anti-imperialism from being converted into a treacherous instrument of the imperialist policy of the U.S.S.R.," said flatly: "Communism is the most serious threat that today hangs over humanity."

THE AMERICAS

Time Bomb

With every appearance of innocence and reasonableness, the Soviet Ambassador to the U.N., Vasily V. Kuznetsov, last week proposed a simple step to the Security Council. The recent decision by the Organization of American States calling for diplomatic and economic sanctions against the Dominican Republic should be approved by the Security Council. Its jurisdiction, said Kuznetsov, is clear, under Article 53 of the U.N. Charter, which says, "No enforcement action shall be taken under regional arrangements without authorization of the Security Council." On the surface, the action appeared only to range the U.N. on the side of the angels against Dominican Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. But it turned out to be a time bomb

UPI

SOVIET DIPLOMAT KUZNETSOV
Foot in the door.

loaded with implications. The Soviet resolution, if passed, would:

¶ Set a foot-in-the-door precedent for future U.N. intervention in the OAS and such other regional bodies as NATO and SEATO.

¶ Subject enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine to U.N. supervision.

¶ Give the Soviets a veto in case the OAS, as is likely, gets around to Dominican-pattern sanctions against Russia's new friend Cuba.

In effect, the maneuver would give the Soviets a legal right to interfere in hemisphere affairs.

The possibility of invoking the never-before-used Article 53 had come up last month at the OAS meeting in San José, when the Dominicans, hard pressed, claimed that the OAS had no right to vote sanctions without U.N. approval. Lacking precedent, Secretary of State Herter worried that the Dominicans might be able to make a case before the Security Council. State Department legal experts now argue that voting sanctions was not "enforcement action," since they involve no use of military strength and are only what individual nations can apply any time. The U.S. holds that the action falls under Article 54, which merely requires that the Council be kept "fully informed" of regional organization activities.

Quickly the U.S., Ecuador and Argentina whipped up a counter-resolution calling on the U.N. simply to do no more than "take note" of the OAS sanctions. The vote was 9 to 0 for the West's resolution. Poland and Russia abstained "in the interests of international cooperation." Yet what really constitutes "enforcement action" under Article 53 is still uncertain and potentially troublesome.

Triumph in Bogotá

A dozen years after George Marshall went to Bogotá and bluntly told the U.S.'s Latin American neighbors that as compared to Europe they had no priority for U.S. aid, the U.S. last week returned to the same city and picked up the pieces. On this occasion, the third meeting of the two-year-old Committee of 21 on economic development, Washington sent its best delegation in Latin American memory, headed by Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon, who brought along the new $500 million Eisenhower plan.

The meeting opened against a background of Castro-incited unrest, as 400 raging demonstrators tried futilely to charge the hall. Next day the ranking critic of the U.S., Brazilian Delegation Chief Augusto Frederico Schmidt, led off by charging that the Eisenhower plan—which is devoted to such social objectives as low-cost housing, improved education, land reform—is not enough. Schmidt, Brazil's gruff businessman-poet, is the man who devised Brazil's Operation Pan America, a much more grandiose idea. Said he: "We cannot eliminate the old enemies of this hemisphere with temporary tactics." Was $500 million all the U.S. planned to spend for social reform? Did the Eisenhower plan mean that the U.S. was abandoning basic, long-range attempts to raise productivity? Would the U.S. provide long-term, low-interest capital loans repayable in the area's soft currencies?

Erasing the Doubts. The prestigious U.S. delegation, headed by Dillon and including U.S. Inter-American Development Bank Director Robert Cutler, ICA Latin American Chief Rollin Atwood, Development Loan Fund Managing Director Vance Brand, Assistant Treasury Secretary Graydon Upton, listened, argued, learned. Dillon's speech erased most of the Latin Americans' doubts.

"Our fundamental task at Bogotá," said Dillon, "is to outline the route by which the peoples of the Americas can achieve the material progress they desire without any sacrifice of fundamental freedoms. We must bring fresh hope to the less privileged, help them to replace a hovel with a home, to acquire ownership of land." The Eisenhower plan is only "a first step. We expect to continue our support with new funds." He spoke directly to Schmidt's fears: The new social reform program is "in addition to, and not in substitution for, assistance for basic economic and industrial development."

Never before at an inter-American conference had the U.S. coupled such exalted goals with such hard promises of hard cash—loans for long terms, loans at low interest, loans in both hard and soft moneys, loans for social development. Dillon and his men sought out the delegates, spelled out the changed U.S. posture. They urged the Latin Americans to create an attractive climate for foreign investors and local capitalists, but made it clear that Washington no longer insists on private capital as the all-purpose solution for development woes.

Blocking the Cubans. By the end of the second day, Ecuador called for a Latin American vote of thanks to the U.S. Old-time Critic Schmidt joined in: "Brazil is grateful to the U.S." Dillon walked around the meeting table in Bogotá's Military Club, seized Schmidt in a back-patting hug as delegates applauded.

Cuba's contribution to the meeting was a proposal by Harvard-educated Economy Minister Regino Boti that Latin Americans finance their development by confiscating the $9 billion in U.S. private investments. Complained Boti: Dillon's proposal was the same old "palliative to blind the people to U.S. aggression." At this, Colombia's Development Minister stood up and said: "It has been said by a delegate that there is nothing new in the U.S. position. Nothing could be further removed from reality." At week's end, with its work almost finished, Bogotá was shaping up as the best week's work by the U.S. in Latin America since the war.

from Caracas summoned Arcaya off the floor. "You will return a hero of the Communists but not a friend of mine," said Betancourt, who thereupon ordered Arcaya to step aside and let another delegation official sign the resolution.

On Betancourt's instructions, Arcaya hung around San José and Panama for a week playing golf, while back home Betancourt ironed out relationships with URD Boss Jovito Villalba. When Arcaya gingerly returned to Caracas last week, 600 Fidelistas welcomed him at the airport—and Betancourt fired him. A government split was averted only because URD agreed to sacrifice Arcaya.

Black Gold, Little Trickle. This patched up things on the surface but did not solve the deeper politico-economic sickness that has plagued pro-U.S. President Betancourt and opened him to charges of *inmovilismo*—do-nothingness. Although black gold blesses Venezuela with Latin America's highest per capita income ($875), half the 6,894,000 Venezuelans live and hunger in squalid shacks. They wonder why the riches do not trickle down, and many view Betancourt as ineffective compared to their mental picture of on-rushing Cuba.

Rodolfo E. Carrillo

EX-MINISTER ARCAYA

Horacio Marquez

PRESIDENT BETANCOURT

Would it be a government of authority or a coalition of weakness?

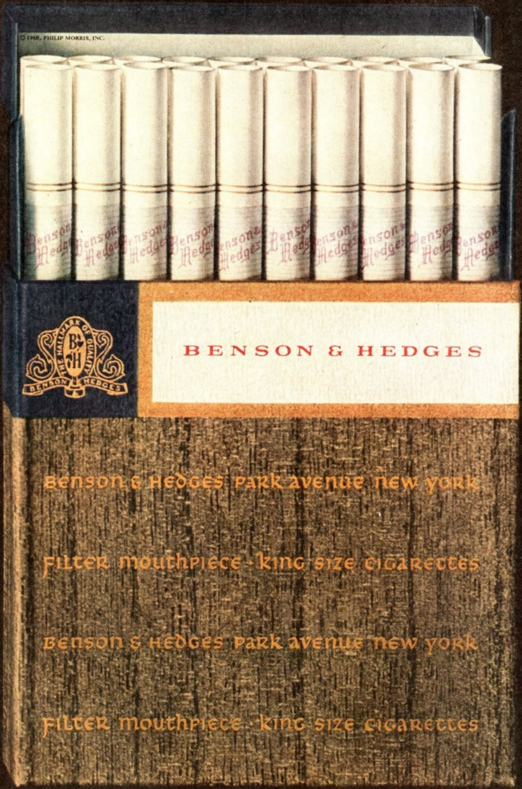
VENEZUELA

Plagued by Castro

Southeast across the Caribbean, in oil-rich, poverty-ridden Venezuela, Cuba's Fidel Castro finds plenty of friends among Communists, among dissident far-left extremists of President Rómulo Betancourt's Democratic Action (AD) and among leaders of the Republican Democratic Union (URD). Although a member of Betancourt's three-party coalition, URD is opportunistically trying to build up support for future elections by hoisting Castro's banner. URD's most vociferous Castro supporter has been Betancourt's Foreign Minister, Ignacio Luis Arcaya.

Red Hero, No Job. A fortnight ago in Costa Rica, Arcaya was Castro's warmest non-Cuban supporter at the meeting of the Organization of American States that censured Cuba. As a mortified Betancourt listened by short-wave radio, Arcaya fought to water down the resolution rapping Cuba, warmly embraced Cuban Foreign Minister Raúl Roa (who happens to be Arcaya's fifth cousin). A phone call

Where does the oil wealth go? The government's share goes largely into a bureaucracy that keeps the capital, Caracas, satisfied. But private wealth is in flight, draining reserves from $1 billion in 1958 to $600 million now. Castro-imitating hotheads have scared off investors by demanding more government controls. Partly as a concession to the leftists, Betancourt has canceled new oil concessions and slashed rents 25%, shaking confidence still more. Chronic crisis—Betancourt's hands are only freshly healed from Dominican Dictator Rafael Trujillo's attempt last June to dynamite him to bits—further contributed to economic trouble. Business is slow, unemployment is up from 8% to 11%. Betancourt's dilemma is summed up by AD President Raúl Leoni: "A government of authority—or a coalition undermined by weakness."



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Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Portrait of the reason for Puerto Rico's "Operation Bootstrap"

THIS little Puerto Rican girl is attending her sister's confirmation. She is not quite sure what's going on. But she knows it's rather important. Her parents said so.

Before long, she will understand the muslin-misted beauty of this somewhat puzzling day. And she will be hoping to find much the same beauty in her daily life. Puerto Rico is doing its best to see that she will not be disappointed.

Speaking of Puerto Rico and the future, Governor Muñoz has this advice.

"Operation Bootstrap has already brought us new industries, fatter pay checks and fuller larders. But prosperity is not an end in itself. If we don't make our new industrial biceps serve the quiet mind and the gentle spirit, we shall have gained nothing."

When you go to Puerto Rico, notice the children—how courteous they are, how proud they seem, and how easily they laugh. Such things tell you more about "Operation Bootstrap" than any economic report.

For this is no blueprint for automatons. It is a dedicated effort to make this island a good place to be born. A good place to grow up. And a place that anybody would be proud to call home.

PEOPLE

Litigation loomed last week over the wills of **Luis Firpo** and **Oscar Hammerstein II.** Heavyweight Firpo, who battled Jack Dempsey in one of boxing's most thrilling evenings in the same year (1923) that Lyricist Hammerstein, with *Wildflower*, gave Broadway his first real hit, amassed his fortune not as the "Wild Bull of the Pampas" but as the owner of six ranches on it. But to whom did Bachelor Firpo leave the bulk of his estimated $4,000,000 estate? To his longtime great and good friend, Miss Blanca Picard—a bequest his relatives are now contesting in Buenos Aires. The argument over Hammerstein's reported $10 million to $15 million estate was not among heirs (his widow will receive 49%, with his three children dividing the remainder), but between tax-hungry states—New York, where he worked, and Pennsylvania, where he resided.

• • •

When Congress adjourned without taking action on a bill to grant tax relief to World War I Hero Sergeant **Alvin York,** 72, a group of Tennessee American Legion posts kicked off a campaign to raise $29,000 to liquidate his longstanding obligation. But back in the hilly hinterlands near Pall Mall, Tenn., York was still muttering about the injustice of it all. Said he, recalling his $150,000 in royalties from a 1941 biographical movie: "When I got that money I paid them half and told 'em the other half was mine."

• • •

Winging from New York to Los Angeles last week were Actress **Joan Crawford,** fiftyish but as chic as ever, and her adopted 13-year-old twins, Cathy and Cindy, wearing polka-dot dresses. While Mother, a director of the Pepsi-Cola Co. (once headed by her late fourth husband, Alfred Steele), was heading West to promote soft-drinking, her daughters were just taking a final fling before going back to school.

UPI

CATHY, JOAN & CINDY
Mom's the pop.

Associated Press

JOE KENNEDY & GRANDCHILDREN*
Mum's the word.

• • •

Although the Greeks started Olympic competition, they have not done much about it in recent years; indeed, until last week, they had not won a gold medal since 1912. Ending the drought was a Dragon Class yachtsman—and crown prince—**Constantine,** 20. When the victorious, shorts-clad prince came ashore at Santa Lucia, **King Paul** and **Queen Frederika**—themselves sailing buffs—jettisoned royal reserve to hug the handsome champion. Then the queen stepped aside while Constantine's two royal sisters showed their exuberance by pushing him right back into Naples Bay.

• • •

After three years as ambassador to Outer Mongolia, Old Bolshevik **Vyacheslav M. Molotov,** 70, arrived in Vienna last week to represent Russia on the International Atomic Energy Agency. But there was no indication that his career was back in high Soviet orbit. Flying from Moscow (where news of his shift had not even been published), Molotov stopped off in Kiev, was recognized by a group of Soviet army officers, who nudged each other but neglected to pay any other recognition to the square-jawed Red who was once Stalin's right-hand man.

• • •

Observing their birthdays in sprightly fashion, Painter **Grandma Moses,** 100, partied with 125 visitors—and even did a jig with her doctor—in Eagle Bridge, N.Y., while Financier **Joseph P. Kennedy,** 72, shared birthday cake with a smaller family group. With guests including twelve of his 17 grandchildren, Joe maintained his current silence on matters of state. But Grandma did not hesitate to speak her mind. Said she: "They're spending money for those space things, while lots of people are starving. The Lord put us on earth, and we should stay here until he comes after us."

• • •

Visiting Japan for the first time and billed by local newspapers as "the father of the atomic bomb," U.S. Physicist **J. Robert Oppenheimer** told the badgering Tokyo press that the itinerary of his three-week lecture tour did not include a visit to Hiroshima. Said he: "I would like to, but it is not clear that it will be practical." Then the director of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, who has himself become as outspokenly opposed to the nuclear-weapons race as any of his Japanese hosts, added: "I do not think coming here has changed my sense of anguish about my part in this whole piece of history. Nor has it fully made me regret my responsibility for the technical success of the enterprise. It isn't that I don't feel bad; it is that I don't feel worse tonight than last night."

• • •

Although admitting that "nobody has to tell me how bad an actor I am," **Tony Curtis'** curly hair was bristling last week at a recent lofty lambasting he had received on Producer David Susskind's *Open End* TV talkathon. Cried Tony: "I've never met him, but when I do I'm going to punch him right in the nose." Informed of the threat, Susskind seemed unawed, flexed his cerebrum for reporters: "I've always believed that violence was the last recourse of an exhausted mind." And then, almost begging for a broken beak, Susskind concluded: "Curtis is, in my book, a passionate amoeba."

* Front row from left: Timothy Shriver; Bob Kennedy's Robert, Michael, Courtney; Maria Shriver; Bob's Kathleen and Mary. In back: Steven Smith, Robert Shriver, Bob's David, Jack's Caroline, and Bob's Joseph.

THE PRESS

The Short, Full Life

Full of the excitement of the story as always, Scripps-Howard Correspondent Henry Noble Taylor cabled his Washington office from Rome, announced that he was heading for the rebellion-torn Congo. "It looks like a nice picnic," wrote Taylor. Four days after he landed in Léopoldville, Taylor wrote his first story about the "chaotic Congo," slugged it with the message: "This dispatch is for use Tuesday in case I am unable to file Monday from the Bakwanga hot spot." The words were prophetic: last week, covering operations near Bakwanga, Harry Taylor, 31, was killed in a bloody skirmish between Congolese troops and Baluba tribesmen. He was the first foreign correspondent to lose his life in the Congo.

Globe-trotter. Taylor's short life was a full one and in the best tradition of the globe-trotting correspondent. He "was young, handsome, unmarried, talented and happy," wrote a fellow world traveler, Scripps-Howard's Robert C. Ruark. "He held his liquor like the Virginia gentleman he was. He was a fish in the water, was a lion with the girls." After graduating from Groton and the University of Virginia, Taylor served a hitch as a U.S. naval intelligence officer, after his discharge got a job with the Cincinnati *Post*. He did a little of everything, from interviewing a steeple jack 465 ft. off the ground to winning an American Political Science Association Award for a series on city government. In 1956 he was promoted to Scripps-Howard's Washington bureau, soon became a worldwide troubleshooter —and troublefinder—for the chain.

He covered the U.S. landings in Lebanon, interviewed Cuba's Rebel Leader Fidel Castro, floundered through hip-deep snow to see Boris Pasternak after the Russian writer won the Nobel Prize for *Doctor Zhivago*. "In every generation," Pasternak told him, "there has to be some fool who will speak the truth as he sees it." In the past nine months alone, Taylor's copy was datelined from 23 countries. Last February, covering President Eisenhower's trip to South America, Taylor put on skindiving equipment to help search for the bodies of U.S. Navy bandsmen killed in a plane crash off Rio de Janeiro while on their way to a reception for the President. He was knocked down by the rioters who attacked Jim Hagerty in Tokyo, and he covered Francis Gary Powers' trial in Moscow. For his global reporting, Taylor won an Ernie Pyle Memorial Award.

Not at Geneva. Son of Ambassador to Switzerland Henry J. Taylor, himself a onetime Scripps-Howard correspondent and radio commentator, Taylor had entrée to premiers and Cabinet ministers but also took great delight in native soldiers who played mumblety-peg with their bayonets and a Japanese girl who sang "Fish gotta slim, birds gotta fry." An unabashed idealist, he once suggested a summit conference not at "lovely Geneva" or in Paris,

Julianne Warren

HENRY N. TAYLOR

"It looks like a picnic."

"where the food is pleasant," but at "radiation-scarred Hiroshima, which lost 64,000 citizens on one cruel concussion." Said President Dwight Eisenhower of the death of Harry Taylor, a first-rate newsman: "It is a tragic loss to the newspaper profession and the country."

The Touchy Issue

Even before the Los Angeles roar acclaiming Massachusetts' Senator John F. Kennedy, the Houston *Post* got a hint of the kind of journalistic problem it might have to face. Getting word that an itinerant preacher had hit town with a warning against electing a Catholic to anything

Owen Johnson

EDITOR HOBBY

"We take a lot of advertising."

from President on down to dogcatcher, the *Post* reported one of his meetings. Recalls *Post* Managing Editor William P. Hobby Jr.: "We soon got all sorts of hell from ministers of his denomination." A delegation of Church of Christ preachers, complaining of the deprecatory tone of the *Post's* story, demanded that Hobby print a statement supporting the evangelist's position. In their argument to Hobby was an implicit threat: "We take a lot of advertising in your paper." Bill Hobby* refused to print the statement.

The problem that confronted Houston's Hobby has since perplexed many another U.S. editor, most of all in the South, where the religion issue seems to have aroused the most passion. The often-criticized Southern press generally scores high marks in its wrestling with this delicate issue. How should an editor treat the touchy subject of religion in politics—by avoiding it, denying it, minimizing it or going after it?

Editorial Viewpoints. The editorial pages of Southern newspapers reflect near unanimity on at least one point: the religion issue exists and will continue to bulk large in the 1960 campaign. A few papers, such as the Charleston, S.C. *News & Courier*, argue that Kennedy's Catholicism is a vital and valid political issue. More typical is the Columbus, Miss. *Commercial Dispatch*: "It is regrettable that what ought to be at most a relatively minor concern is overshadowing such major issues as foreign aid, economic growth and civil rights."

Some papers simply thought that Jack Kennedy was getting a bum religious rap. Wrote the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*: "Senator Kennedy seems to us to have demonstrated admirable independence on this issue, since he has voted at least twice contrary to what we believe to be the position of his church. He voted against the use of public funds for parochial schools and against sending an ambassador from the U.S. to the Vatican." Some papers seemed to think that the whole religion issue was a Republican plot. Said the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*: "Regardless of how it has been raised, religion has definitely become a major issue . . . Some foes of Mr. Kennedy's candidacy are masquerading behind it, though they evidence no religious convictions of their own."

The more violent forms of hate-peddling came in for general attack by major Southern papers. Wrote the Greensboro, N.C. *News*: "Organized efforts on the part of respectable Protestant churches to inject venomous, and in many cases false, prejudice into the presidential campaign are in themselves violative of the American tradition of separation of church and state." Said the Charlotte *News*: "If the Catholic Church must be an issue, surely it is only fair that IT be discussed —not some vestige of another era. The forefather of all Presbyterians was not above burning Servetus at the stake. The point is that it happened in the 16th cen-

* Son of Oveta Culp Hobby, wartime head of the WACs, and of the *Post's* Board Chairman William P. Hobby Sr.

His future starts here

Take a good look, son. Because it's all yours. Not just this shiny, new classroom. But your entire future, which will have its proper beginning here.

You see, you're among the lucky ones.

Other children will have to begin their education in overcrowded and inadequate classrooms. They will be handicapped because we have not yet built enough classrooms to meet the needs of our booming school population.

Right now there are 1,843,000 more children in our schools than the schools were built to accommodate. There is a shortage of 135,500 classrooms. And each year finds still an additional million students attending school.

In fact, by 1975 – just 15 short years from now – our school population will have increased by over 50%.

Our towns and local government realize how important education is to our children. How we can't afford to deprive our future citizens, like you, of the education they rightfully deserve.

Already they are working with men and big yellow machines to provide the new classrooms and educational facilities you will need. But it's the responsibility of all of us to see this work goes on.

Preparing for our nation's future is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

Caterpillar Tractor Co., General Offices, Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

CATERPILLAR
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Diesel Engines • Tractors • Motor Graders
Earthmoving Equipment

MACHINES THAT BUILD
FOR A GROWING AMERICA

New classrooms by the thousands are being built to accommodate our bursting school population. But classrooms are only one of the needs we must meet by 1975.

Robert is 11 months old. When he is 16 our nation must have . . . tens of thousands of miles of new roads • almost double our present water supply • double our school facilities • 20 million new homes • 20% of our present housing rebuilt • 2½ times as much oil • 60% more lumber and twice as much pulpwood • 55% more metal ores • soil conservation on 1,159,000,000 acres • 123,300 new dams and many miles of levees • double our present hospital facilities . . . triple our electric power.

Burke Uzzle

EDITOR DANIELS
Caution in spades.

tury." Said the Raleigh *News & Observer*: "Certainly to hold John Kennedy responsible for the Spanish Inquisition is to say the least a little *ex post facto*."

Several top Southern papers editorially duck the religion issue on the ground that to talk about it is to stir up more trouble. Admits one editorial writer of the Dallas *News*: "I guess we're afraid that we'll ruffle too many feelings." Editor James J. Kilpatrick of the Richmond *News-Leader* says he avoids the subject editorially because "it does about as much good telling people to be fair about religion as it does telling them to be safe on highways."

News Coverage. Most papers try not to cover the subject until it hits them in the face. Jonathan Daniels of the Raleigh *News & Observer* states the case baldly: "We wouldn't dream of going out and trying to stir up more debate." Many Southern papers exposed the dissemination in their areas of the phony Knights of Columbus oath (TIME, Aug. 22). The Charlotte *News* recently ran a six-part news report on the religion issue by the paper's top political reporter; the *News* also invited a leading North Carolina Catholic educator to use its pages to reply to the anti-Catholic campaign. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* is getting up a symposium among ministers and lay readers about both Kennedy's Catholicism and Richard Nixon's Quaker beliefs.

In covering the news of the religion issue, Southern newspapers discover that a great chunk of the anti-Catholic propaganda comes from Protestant pulpits. Some Southern papers are all too happy to explain that they have never really "covered" sermons—and that they certainly do not intend to start now. When are such sermons news? Answers Editor and Publisher Millard Cope of the Marshall, Texas *News-Messenger*: "I would say it depends on the importance of the minister, the importance of his church, the size of his congregation and the scope of his sermon. It makes a lot of news difference whether the minister is speaking to 1,000 people or to 20." It is in that spirit that both Dallas newspapers cover the sermons of the Rev. Dr. W. A. Criswell, strongly anti-Catholic pastor of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, whose 14,000 members make it the U.S.'s largest Southern Baptist church.

And Then: Letters. The section that causes most concern to Southern editors is the often-neglected letters-to-the-editor column. With religion an issue, newspapers are hearing from crackpot letter writers and bigots. How much or how little of this to reflect poses a question among editors who feel a conscientious duty to provide a public forum. Nearly all papers edit out of their letters such nonsense as the claims that the Catholics ordered the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. To avoid becoming a daily platform for anti-Catholicism, the Houston *Post* saves all its religion mail for one day. The Greenville, Miss. *Delta Democrat-Times* and the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* ban all letters about the religion issue. Explained the *News-Sentinel* in an editorial: "This newspaper has come to the conclusion that, as a general policy, publication of these letters contributes a minimum amount of light on the issue and a maximum amount of bad feeling. We do not like to say to any reader that our columns are closed to him on any subject. But when the subject boils down simply to the expression of religious intolerance, we feel that such action is justified." The Charlotte *Observer* has come up with perhaps the most sensible rule of thumb for all: it declines to run letters "in which members of one faith attempt to recite what members of another faith believe. There are practical reasons for this. We are not prepared, for one thing, to check the authenticity of statements attributed to Catholic authors or clerics. We want to know what our letter writers think, not what our letter writers believe that someone else thinks."

Takeover in Havana

Accompanied by armed militiamen, officers of Fidel Castro's government printing office last week in Havana seized the printing facilities of a Cuban publisher who printed two "Yankee imperialist" magazines: the Latin American editions of TIME and the *Reader's Digest*. Aware that such a move was imminent, TIME production managers had already made emergency printing arrangements with the Atlanta firm of W. R. Bean & Son (which was used to such emergencies: it printed TIME's Latin American edition 24 times in 1958 when Cuban Dictator Fulgencio Batista shut down the Havana plant in displeasure at TIME coverage of his regime).

As Castro's men "intervened" (*i.e.*, seized) the Havana facilities, the Atlanta plant was already running off the 85,000-copy Latin American edition. No delivery to any country in Latin America was more than 24 hours late.

Good No-News

John D. York, 31, father of six, is a quiet Negro who quit school after the fourth grade to work as a laborer in Pine Bluff, Ark. "Good education is important," says he. "My kids are going to graduate from high school." Last spring he heard incredible news: Dollarway School would accept Negro first-graders this fall under a complex placement test. John D. marched Delores, 6, straight to Dollarway. "Nigger," jeered a white crowd surrounding the pair, "why do you want to register her in a white school?" John D. answered quietly: "Because it is a public school." Then he took his child's hand and went about his business. Delores became the first—and only—Negro student accepted at Dollarway. All Pine Bluff waited to see what would happen when school opened.

Pine Bluff (pop. 43,000) is a town that has its share of night riders and racism. John D. York was soon fired from the factory job that he had held for twelve years. And as school opening loomed last week, the entire Sunday service at his Galilee Baptist Church was built around Delores. Peering down at the child, the Negro minister intoned: "But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified" (*Matthew 27: 23*). For three minutes the weeping congregation stood in silent prayer for her safety.

But bitterly segregationist Pine Bluff had learned a lesson from Little Rock, 45 miles away. And lean, responsible Lee Parham, president of the Dollarway school board, had pounded it home. "This is the only thing we can do," said he all over town. "Any violence over it will only hurt us in the future." Even the Citizens' Council agreed. As one Pine Bluffer put it: "It's awful hard to be a brave fighter when your opponent is a six-year-old girl."

Francis Miller—LIFE

STUDENT YORK

A few even said "Hi."

When the opponent arrived at Dollarway's yellow brick buildings one steamy morning last week, carloads of whites lurked near by. Trouble never came: police had the place surrounded. John D. York was met by Board President Parham and the school superintendent, who escorted Delores to the first-grade class and a second-row seat. She spent the morning coloring clowns, apples and horses, played and lunched with her classmates. She came home happy. "I believe I'm going to like it there," she said gravely. "It's a nice big school and some of the children said 'Hi!' "

• • •

Throughout the South last week, only a handful of Negroes broke the prevailing barriers, but they did so without disturbance. In Little Rock, twelve Negro students peacefully entered Central and Hall High Schools. In Richmond, two Negro girls entered Chandler Junior High School—first integration in the Confederacy's onetime capital. In Houston, the nation's biggest segregated school district, six-year-old Tyronne Day was the first Negro to enter a white school. Houston could hardly believe how easy it was. "This is a real achievement," said School Superintendent John W. McFarland. "I don't believe anybody in the United States expected us to integrate our schools without incident, including ourselves." Added one white mother: "God put us all here. We all live here, all help one another. Why shouldn't we go to school together?"

Light in California

When Sputnik flashed across California, it lit dark places in the nation's biggest public school system. Heckled by parents, the state legislature named a blue-ribbon jury to examine the quality of California's schooling. Called the Citizens Advisory Commission, it was sparked by former University of California President Robert Sproul. Without pussyfooting, the group soon made clear its stance. It attacked the theory of education for "life adjustment" as non-education: "The school has neither the chief responsibility nor the means for dealing with all aspects of personal development . . . The school should foster in each student the desire to excel, or at least to do his best. The school is under special obligation to develop the talent and skills needed by the Nation."

Last week the commission issued its first recommendations. Some were downright iconoclastic. The commission wants to change an 1872 law requiring instruction in "manners and morals," eliminate time-consuming ceremonies such as Susan B. Anthony Day (Feb. 15) and Conservation, Bird and Arbor Day (March 7). To get down to business, it wants to abolish required physical and driver education along with automatic promotion. And it demands that two-thirds of class time in elementary schools be spent on basic subjects, not just half the time.

Garrett-Howard

CRITICS SALTZMAN, DOROSHOW & FARLEY

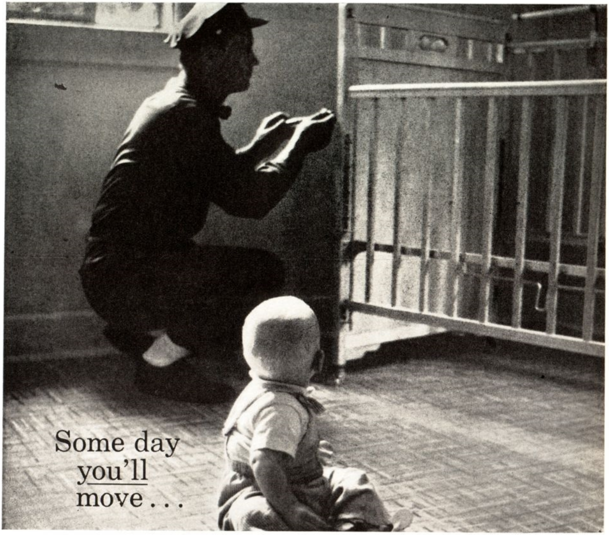
Two up was one up.

Into the state education code, said the commission, should go a stiff three-R curriculum. For the first grade: reading taught by phonics, writing with spelling (now often delayed until third grade), arithmetic emphasizing basic principles. Science and foreign languages should begin no later than sixth grade. From elementary grades on, statewide tests should check on each school's progress. To jolt high schools, state-run colleges should report on freshmen performances—and school boards should publish the results.

Down at Simmons. If the legislature must still approve such audacity, the least likely to disapprove are those most concerned—bright students. In suburban Downey near Los Angeles, for example, the schools have long been touted as top-notch. Last week the big issue in Downey was how to make this notion a reality. Reason: 14 recent graduates showed up at a school board meeting last month and stunned their elders with a bruising charge that their education had involved "too much play and too little work."

At Warren High School, Fran Doroshow, 18, a pediatrician's daughter who started it all, said she got mostly A's and ranked seventh in her class ('59). At Boston's Simmons College this past year, she got a jolt. Simmons festooned her freshman English essays with C-minuses, and she knows why. "In all my years in high school," recalls Fran, "I wrote only two essays and one term paper. They came back with A's and no criticism." French was an equal bust: "I had three years of French in high school, but when I went to Simmons I had to take beginning French." At that, Fran feels lucky to be at Simmons: "It hurts me to see so many of these bright students end up at California junior colleges, just fooling around, when they could be doing big things."

Invited to tell it to the school board, Fran did—and so did bright-eyed Linda



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NO. 1 ON THE HIGHWAY

Farley, 17, graduate of Downey High School ('60). An A-minus student, Linda was maddest on one key point: "In my three years at Downey, I had only three instructors whom I considered to be real teachers—teachers who challenged me, made me want to learn, increased my intellectual curiosity." Equally biting was Tom Saltzman, 17, another A-minus graduate of Downey: "Of what use is it to have a teacher not prepared for the course—who is one chapter ahead of us in the book? We read two chapters, and we're one ahead of the teacher who is supposed to teach us."

Up to Sacramento. At meeting's end, angry snorts came from school officials. "I'm afraid she has hurt herself," one of them said of Linda Farley. But the kids were unruffled. Linda has since described many of her high school textbooks as "seventh grade level." Fran Doroshow's sister Barbara, 17, joined in to criticize a course called Senior Problems, which deals with dating. "A breeze," scoffed she. "I got an A, and I didn't do a thing." World Geography was worse: "You colored maps for a whole semester, then got graded on your notebooks."

By last week the kids' campaign had produced results. The Downey Unified School District Board announced a plan based on the kids' recommendations. Among them: a longer school day (seven periods), strengthened English, spelling, civics, a program to challenge bright students. Pledged Board Chairman Reno Sirrene: "We will do everything to give Downey a topnotch educational system." Some grownups thought that the state legislature at Sacramento should also listen to Downey's kids. Then the Citizens Advisory Commission would have no trouble getting its proposals enacted.

All There?

About the closest anyone ever comes to defining adult education is to call it a "continuing process." At Manhattan's progressive New School for Social Research, long (41 years) a magnet for adults with time on their hands, the process continued last week in wondrous fashion. Sample courses (total: 400) from the New School's catchall fall bulletin:

¶ *Gourmet Exploration* ($40, lunch extra): Visits to African, Armenian, Chinese, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Swedish and Turkish restaurants. The semester winds up with a class discussion on "low-caloric method."

¶ "*Being All There*" ($72): "Conducted at Miss [Charlotte] Selver's studio, 315 West 57th Street, rear (4L)." Her theme: "We often discover that we are not fully aware, unable fully to experience—neither relate nor function—because we are still in the past or already in the future, while we act in the present. Clinging or being ahead of oneself diminishes the full play of the organism's potential. The Taoist attitude of intellectual silence, practice of inner quiet, fuller awakening of our inner and outer senses, bring us new depth and presence in what we experience and what we do."

Eight days to London! The stirrup cup was White Horse, of course

Two centuries ago the celebrated White Horse Inn was the departure point of the Edinburgh to London stagecoach—a journey that lasted eight full days. Today it is best remembered as the Inn that gave its name to the greatest Scotch in history!

100% Scotch whiskies, White Horse is still made from the original two-centuries-old recipe. Its shimmering golden color promises true Scotch flavor tempered by Highland smoothness. And, to assure you of absolute perfection, White Horse numbers and registers every bottle at the distillery. Surely such a Scotch deserves your patronage.

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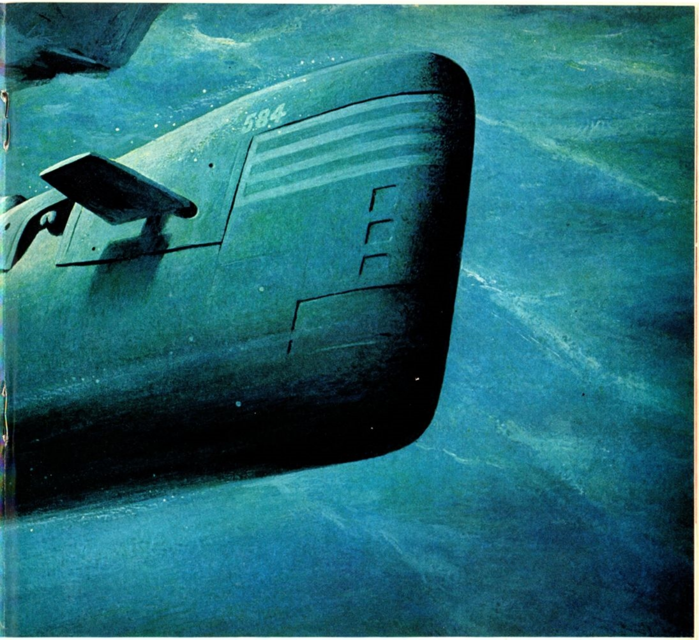
STRANGE "FISH" UNDER THE POLAR ICE!

Revolutionary RCA Magnetic Video Tape Recorder to Speed Navigation Training of Submariners

Aboard the nuclear submarine *Sea Dragon*, the first undersea magnetic video tape recorder will record and store data on under-the-ice characteristics from externally installed TV cameras. Upon return to base the recorded information will be displayed for the benefit of undersea service trainees, greatly increasing their understanding of hazardous polar navigation techniques. The recorder, a joint U.S. Navy-RCA effort, is a marvel of compact design (dimensions: 20″x 20″x 100″). It nestles securely in the limited confines of a torpedo rack, yet represents a 60 per cent space reduction over existing commercial video tape equipment. Designed to the curvature of the torpedo rack it will fit through the opening of a 24-inch hatch. Though small in size, the 4 megacycle recording it produces is fully compatible with its commercial counterpart!



Coming for business—a "video file system" capable of storing an entire encyclopedia on one 12½ inch reel, contents of which would equal 20 billion bits of information!

Coming for entertainment—the ultimate in color TV and video fidelity . . . via extremely portable recorders that will provide a panoramic view of world events virtually as they happen!

Coming for science—completely unattended recorders, robot-rocketed to the moon, will, on command, provide a detailed "picture" of space, free of the earth's atmosphere!

Other exclusive RCA recorder developments now contributing to national security include—the "Tiros" satellite recorder, designed for weather observation in outer space; a radar recording system to take the first pictures of a nose cone re-entry vehicle; a unique tape cartridge adaptable to *any* size recorder. For information on opportunities in creative engineering write: G. R. Gordon, **Defense Electronic Products,** Radio Corporation of America, Camden, N. J.

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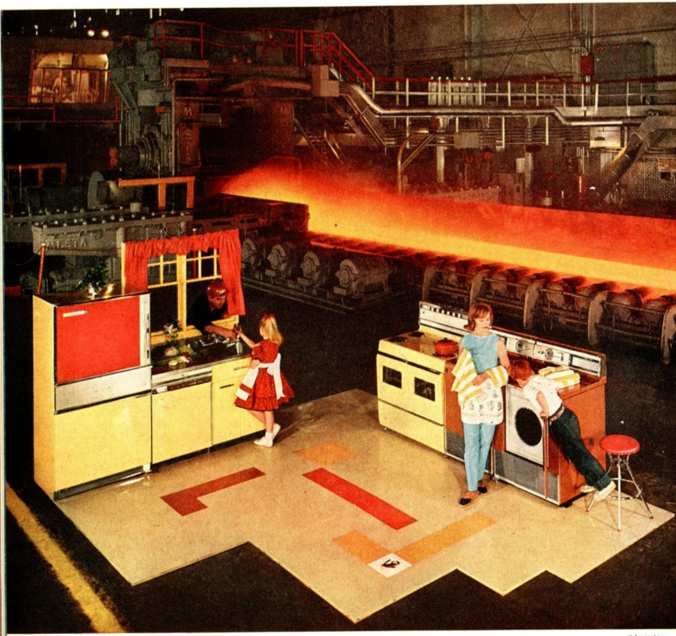


d'Arazien

but <u>she</u> set the production record

This modern mill at J & L's Cleveland Works rolls out orange-hot slabs of steel at the rate of over 5,000 tons a day. That's enough steel to make 40,000 refrigerators, 45,000 ranges, 50,000 clothes dryers, or 80,000 dishwashers—quite a production tally for those men up in the control booth. But the biggest production trophy should go to the modern American mother in our make-believe kitchen. Each year she washes, dries and folds 2,600 pounds of laundry, prepares and serves 4,100 meals and does over 21,000 dishes—*without a maid.*

Luckily, like the steelworkers at J & L, she has the finest machines to help her. She has a bright, beautiful and frost-free refrigerator and freezer combination. Her automatic range turns itself on and off, bastes the roast or spins the shish-kabobs, while she folds the cleaner, fluffier laundry turned out by her automatic washer and dryer. And, after supper's over, the garbage disposer and dishwasher under her gleaming stainless steel sink speed-up the clean-up so she can spend more time with her family.

She's a modern wonder—and the modern wonder of sturdy steel appliances helps make her production record possible. Products made of steel are strong, durable, efficient—a better value today than ever before because industry has invested fortunes in research and equipment to make its production as efficient as the lady in the kitchen.

This Steelmark identifies products made of steel—look for it when you buy.

Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

TELEVISION

Eyes of the Nation

The average American neighborhood now has enough television sets to suggest that wonderful fellow of Eastern legend, mighty Bayan of the Hundred Eyes. According to 1960 census figures, U.S. TV has become a sort of Bayan to the fourth power. Whereas 12% of U.S. homes had sets in 1950, a record 88% have them now, and 11% of all homes have more than one working eye.

Crosby v. NBC

Esther Williams was fed up with television—too much crawl, not enough free style—and she said so in a newspaper interview, complaining that talentless network executives had all but foundered an aquatic show she had done for NBC earlier in the summer. It didn't even matter to her that the show had won one of the highest ratings of the summer: its mediocrity pained her. To Critic John Crosby, this was his cup of chlorine, and last week he took over where Critic Williams had left off. In his New York *Herald Tribune* column, he expanded the argument into a general indictment of recent NBC network policy under President Robert Kintner and Board Chairman Robert Sarnoff.

Albert Fenn—LIFE

CRITIC CROSBY
His cup of chlorine.

"NBC is a mess of colossal proportions," wrote Crosby, recalling better days under the "visionary" regime of Pat Weaver and citing the network's decline in quality during the gradual transition from good dramatic shows like *Philco Playhouse* to dreary series like *Riverboat*. Moreover, said Crosby, the network profits were falling off sharply. And in five years, by the ratings, it had sunk from the No. 1 to the No. 3 network.

Calling Crosby's column "vindictive" and "distorted," Sarnoff, Kintner & Co. objected that he is "not informed, hates television, and uses his column as a springboard to bounce quips off." He was unfair, they said, to compare today's programing with the show spectrum of the Weaver era, since ABC had meanwhile emerged as a third major network, and it was competitively necessary to match its frank and potent mediocrities. What really bothered the NBC brass was not Crosby's charge of mediocrity but his suggestion that the network is not making money. As part of the parent RCA, NBC's profit-loss figures are never released, but management insisted that NBC as a whole is doing better financially than ever.

Critic Crosby stuck to his guns, bolstered by Madison Avenue critics who claim that 1) network profits have indeed fallen off over the last few years; 2) in their protests and handsome profit claims, the harried executives were evidently referring to the entire NBC company with all its properties—notably the money-coining owned-and-operated stations—to disguise the poorer returns from the network operation as such. "I will now retire from the financial page," said Crosby, "but, by God, I am right. The real point I was trying to make in that column was that being mediocre has not helped NBC."

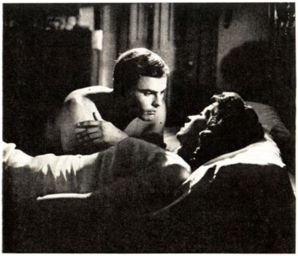
Meanwhile, poor Esther Williams presumably still could not fathom it all, still may be wondering if she could ever "find a man I can lean on who knows his job. I don't think that's possible in the world of mediocrity known as the television industry."

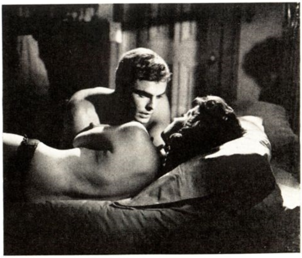
HOLLYWOOD

Sexports

Although sex in Hollywood films has lately become more graphic, U.S. audiences may never overtake European tolerance in these matters. Since about half of the average potential gross of a movie now comes from foreign markets, Hollywood has learned to display two faces of Eve, and a little more besides. As a frequent but not general practice, certain scenes in U.S. films are shot twice—vividly for export and vapidly for American distribution. (Sometimes they are merely cut.) Producers and directors prefer to deny the habit. Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association, says that "no one has ever been able to cite a specific film. As far as I know, they go abroad the way they are shown here." Nonetheless, there is such a thing in Hollywood films as sex for export only. Some recent specific examples:

¶ Hecht-Hill-Lancaster's *Cry Tough*, a rough and rumble film about Puerto Ricans in New York, includes a scene in a bedroom occupied by Actor John Saxon and Actress Linda Cristal. In the U.S. she appears in a slip, but the version shot for export confines her wardrobe to one small





SAXON & CRISTAL IN U.S. & EXPORT VERSIONS OF "CRY TOUGH"
Theirs but to do and deny.

Jean Manzon

DIRECTOR CAMUS & ACTRESS DE OLIVEIRA ON LOCATION IN BRAZIL
"I will become the colossus of love."

pair of black panties, and allows the camera to meander athletically where it will. "Everybody was kind of nervous" about *Cry Tough's* potential box office, explained one behind-the-scenes executive, so they asked for Actress Cristal's cooperation in order "to get a little more mileage out of it in Europe. On shooting day, I was one of the privileged few to witness the event."

¶ In United Artists' *Gun Fever*, a lissome Indian squaw (Actress Jana Davi) forsakes buckskin for buff skin to scamper winningly up a mossy hillside—but only in happier hunting grounds than the U.S.

¶ In Allied Artists' warlike *Hell to Eternity*, Actress Patricia Owens does a bump-and-grind sequence in bra and panties for alien observation, is seen only from the neck up in the U.S., or, in long shots, wearing a bra and half-slip. Soon after that, for export only, Actor Jeff Hunter reaches skillfully behind her back, at which moment the U.S. version fades out, but in full detail the subsequent unhooking ceremony is seen and heard around the world.

¶ 20th Century-Fox's film version of William Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, not yet completed, might have been shot two ways almost from beginning to end, since a literal version of the novel would be impossible on the American screen, particularly the notorious "rape" of Temple Drake by the impotent Popeye. Instead, the moviemakers have opted to masculate Popeye and remove the more unorthodox elements of the rape scene, leaving little to be double-filmed but an active bedroom encounter between Yves Montand and Lee Remick. "The European version I like best," says Montand with a half-bored Gallic shrug, "but I tell you something: both are acceptable and decent. The difference is so small. For America I kiss her lips, but for the Europeans I kiss her collarbone."

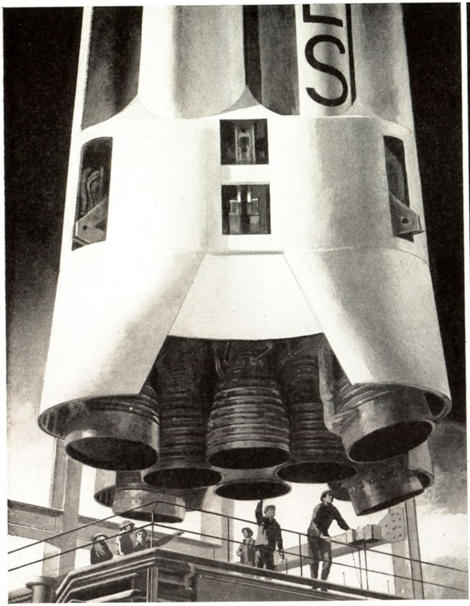
MOVIES ABROAD

Orpheus Distending

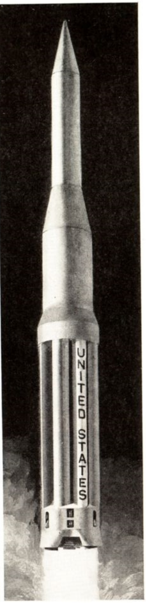
"The cinema has replaced the church, and people seek truth at the movies instead of at the Mass," says French Director Marcel Camus, whose sweeping ideas sometimes run a little too fast for the projector. Camus (no kin to the late writer-philosopher) reached the upper crest of the French cinema's New Wave with his *Black Orpheus*, a rambling but intensely poetic movie he produced by hiring amateur actors and coaxing action out of them against wild festival backgrounds in Rio de Janeiro. The formula worked so well that last fall Camus returned to Brazil, hired two professional actors, more amateurs and some of the old cast—notably Lourdes de Oliveira, a supple housemaid who played the jilted girl in *Orpheus*—and set out to swallow one of the biggest countries in the Western Hemisphere.

Writing the script as he went along, he dragged his crew for more than five months in all Brazilian directions, and used up enough Eastmancolor to make a film that would last for nearly 48 hours. Cut down for the public—Camus was adding final touches in Paris last week—the picture will be titled *The Pioneers* and released next month. Its plot will have to go some to rival the saga that went into the filming itself.

Off with the Prize. To begin with, Camus set up a motive for travel by starting off his story with a group of gem and gold hunters bickering over a rich find. One shoots up the others and goes off with the prize; two survivors spend the rest of the film chasing him. Following his plot 1,000 miles up the Amazon, he stayed open to suggestions from real life. Seeing a woman suspected of theft fleeing through a market crowd, he whipped out his camera, shot the scene, and used it to introduce one of the film's heroines. Dur-



The first version of *Saturn* will be 185 feet tall . . . 21 feet across the base . . . will contain 14 rocket engines!



Douglas-built second stage is as tall as a 5-story building.

The rocket that will lead the way to space travel is now in development

Space researchers at Douglas Aircraft are already working on the design and construction of the second stage of the huge NASA *Saturn* rocket.

Saturn is the first program which is designed, from the ground up, to provide the capability of putting tons of payload into orbit or thrusting manned capsules beyond the earth's pull. It will initially be able to orbit 20,000 pounds around the earth, or deposit 6,000 pounds on the moon.

Future configurations of *Saturn* will have even greater thrust and payload, paving the way for round trips to the planets.

Fantastic as these predictions sound, they are the solid convictions of the men at Douglas whose skills have been behind the production of nearly 30,000 rockets, missiles and space vehicles. These include the *Thor* IRBM which has boosted more successful space payloads than all other U.S. boosters combined.

DOUGLAS

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ing ten days on the Belém-Bracanga railroad, the company lost some of their clothes to sparks from the wood-burning engine; the train had no brakes and derailed itself at least once a day. Also aboard were refugees from back-country drought land, and when one woman bore a baby on a rolling flatcar, Camus kneaded that into the story. Drawing on nearly every member of his crew, which included a Vietnamese script girl and mechanics from Guinea and Japan, he ordered them before the lenses whenever new roles came to mind.

The company survived a minor revolution by malcontents in the Brazilian air force (which paralyzed air travel for days), soaked up all the electricity in the Manaus area and virtually blacked out the city for three weeks, provoked citizens' wrath when Camus hired a nightclub and filled it up with prostitutes, the only extras he could find who were willing to work all night. Camus carried luggage, dug ditches, designed and built nearly every set but the Amazon delta and the Mato Grosso, applied makeup, shifted props, arranged lights, hammered nails, served food. "He's very easy to work with," said one actor, "provided you let him dominate you completely."

Lights Out. Camus himself has been dominated only twice in his life: first by his father-in-law, later by the Nazis. Son of a provincial schoolteacher, he studied art in Paris, married the daughter of an aging sign painter. While Camus listened, the old man spun out his wisdom drawn from yoga, Greek philosophy and less classified sources—and the young man soon called him "my master."

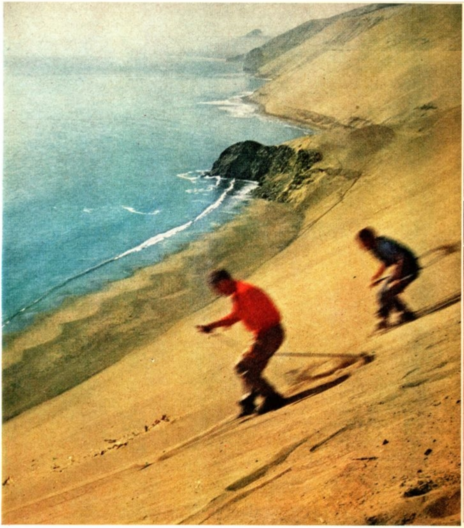
"He taught me," says Camus, "that the heart beats to the vibrations of the seven-stringed lyre of Orpheus, representing the seven planets. The vibrations are vital." With Camus' wife, the master was killed during World War II. Camus today will not even reveal his name, but includes an aging "master figure" in each of his films (the present one is an old Negro he came upon in Bahia).

After the war, Camus spent more than a decade as "France's best assistant director" before he made it on his own with *Black Orpheus*. Now, with the completion of *Pioneers*, it has occurred to him somehow that love should be the great theme of his life, and he is swept away on plans to produce an unending series of love films—carnal and spiritual, full-length and short—for TV, straight cinema, schoolrooms, garden clubs, anyone who wants to hear the gospel of human affection and tenderness. Says he: "I will become the colossus of love."

Tousle-haired, wild-eyed, glowing with his new mission and blackened by the sun of Brazil, Camus toasted his friends in the nation's new capital city just before he left. "How I love you," he cried between dollops of Scotch. "Here in Brazil there is no hate, only love. Here we are all brothers." Just then, Brasília's power failed, and waiters made their way through the dark to light candles. For some reason, Marcel Camus did not shoot the scene.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

You ski or get skinned on Peruvian sands!



1. "It never snows in the coastal mountains of Peru," writes Howard Martinson, an American friend of Canadian Club, "yet skiing is the major sport there. Instead of the white stuff, they have sand—acres and acres of it. Especially at Pasamayo Grande, about thirty miles north of Lima. The slopes are great—some of them dropping a full 45 degrees to the sea—but I'd never have believed you could ski them till I tried it myself. The skis they gave me were made of ash—the only wood that can stand up to the grinding sand. But the big difference was the ordinary floor wax they used to coat the bottoms. I'd no sooner strapped on the boards than I was off like a rocket—speeding straight downhill!

2. "You can ski as much as four miles before ending up in the drink. But you can't 'learn' the course because of the strong wind and the constantly shifting terrain.

3. "Taking a header was like being scraped with sandpaper. I don't know how fast I was going when I fell, but I *do* know it seemed considerably more than the course record of sixty-five miles an hour set by a former Finnish Olympic ski champ.

4. "At Santa Rosa, the resort was a welcome sight after the day's exertions. Even more welcome was the pleasure that awaited us. For what we ordered—and got—was good old Canadian Club!"

Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club is the lightest whisky in the world. What's more, it has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. This happy combination means you can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Try it tonight.

6 years old · Imported in bottle from Canada **Canadian Club**

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RELIGION

Camisards Revisited

The Huguenots would have been horrified by the sports shirts and ice-cream stands—but they would have been gratified at the turnout of their spiritual descendants in the little village of Mas Soubeyran in southern France last week. About 15,000 French Protestants crowded the narrow roads with their cars and buses on a pilgrimage to the thick-walled, stone peasant cottage and the tiny museum next to it, which are crammed with relics of one of the most bitter religious wars Europe has known. They were marking the 400th anniversary of the founding of the Protestant Reformed Church in the Cévennes region, which saw so much of the historic struggle with Roman Catholicism, and the 200th anniversary of the death of Protestantism's great restorer, Antoine Court.

Rack or Galleys. They had brave days to remember. There are only 1,000,000 French Protestants in a nation of 43 million today, but in 1560 there were 4,000,000 of them in a population of 16 million. For nearly 40 years the two faiths were embroiled in bloody conflict, symbolized by the infamous St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre of August 1572, during which perhaps as many as 10,000 Huguenots were murdered. The Edict of Nantes (1598) gave France's Protestants freedom of worship and academic and political rights, but by 1661 the Roman Catholic Church and the crown had made headway in whittling down Protestant liberty, and in 1685 the Edict was revoked. Within a few weeks 2,000 churches were razed to the ground, and thousands of Huguenots (French Reformed and Calvinist believers) were fleeing the country.

They were the lucky ones. When the government discovered that France was losing some of its most useful citizens, Huguenot emigration was promptly banned. Anyone caught reading the Bible, preaching or worshiping according to Protestant tenets was tortured on the rack, and hanged, or sent to the galleys. Hundreds of Protestant villages were burned to the ground. Peasants were rounded up by soldiers with small crosses on their muskets and forced to sign affidavits that they had become Roman Catholic.

Like Butterflies. Underground, the beleaguered Protestants struggled to keep the faith alive. Carrying slats of wood, groups would assemble by night in quarries and grottoes, and fit their boards together to make a pulpit. Other pulpits were made that could be instantly transformed into ladders at the approach of the authorities. Most Huguenot houses had hiding places built into the walls for fugitives like the young shepherd, Pierre Laporte, whose *nom de guerre* was "Roland."

Roland fought the kind of war for which the French Maquis were famed in World War II. Members of the Protestant resistance were known as *camisards*—probably from the white nightshirts (*camisia*) that they wore at night so they could identify one another in the dark. The nightshirts made them look like butterflies and gave them another nickname: *parpaillot*, from the word for butterfly (*papillon*).

Atrocities were not all on one side. The *camisards* terrorized the Catholic countryside. They rushed into battle singing psalms ("When those devils began singing their dreadful songs, we couldn't control our soldiers," complained an officer of the King). Roland kept their morale high by his Robin Hood exploits and hairbreadth escapes. In the end he was caught and executed, and finally the *camisards* were reduced to a remnant. But their struggle had crystallized public opinion against religious intolerance, and for 45 years (from 1715 to 1760) Calvinist Antoine Court labored to restore French Protestantism—organizing local and national synods, setting up a divinity school in Lausanne, Switzerland to supply pastors to the underground churches. Finally, two years before the French Revolution, King Louis XVI was forced to sign an edict of tolerance for Protestantism. The revolution—which in turn bitterly persecuted the Catholics—eventually turned that tolerance into equality.

Culver Pictures

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S MASSACRE
The atrocities were not all on one side.

The Hat Box. Today France's million Protestants, about equally divided between Calvinists and Lutherans, are a prestigious minority with a reputation for scrupulous honesty and rigid morals. Their thousand-odd pastors are said to be the worst-paid ministers in Europe; in rural areas they are paid in food and fuel (rural Roman Catholic priests are not much better off). They actively proselytize among atheists and anticlericals, and even claim some success among the Roman Catholic clergy—40 priests have become ministers since the end of the war, according to Pastor Pierre Bourguet, head of France's Reformed Church.

Protestants and Catholics, threatened by the common dangers of Marxist enmity and secular indifference, are in many places drawing closer and closer together in the modern world. At last week's pilgrimage to Roland's cottage, the bankers and farmers, miners, office workers and their wives, who are carrying on the faith of the embattled *camisards*, renewed their sense of what is now a faraway tradition, listening to a sermon out of doors from a collapsible pulpit, and studying such Huguenot relics as a clandestine pastor's flat hat that can fold into the shape of a box.

"These religious hatreds fortunately belong to the past," said Pastor Bourguet. "But our ancestors paid a great price for our faith and our freedom. We must never allow it to be forgotten."

The Diaspora Age

Historian Arnold Toynbee, in *A Study of History*, referred to the Jewish religion as a "fossil," and further nettled Jews by blaming the Old Testament's exclusivism for what he views as the evil intolerance of Christianity. In the current number of the journal *Issues*, published by the anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism, Historian Toynbee changes his tune—or at least transposes it to a different key. Judaism, he now says, is performing a pioneering role in the development of a religion for the Atomic Age.

The existence of the state of Israel, says Toynbee, has profoundly changed the nature of Judaism. Before 1945, Judaism was a half political, half religious entity; part of the religion was the hope and prayer to return to the Holy Land. But Israel, by making it possible for all Jews in the Western world to migrate there—

expenses paid, if necessary—has placed those who do not migrate in the position of opting for 100% political allegiance to the countries in which they live.

New Community? Those Jews who remain outside Israel will continue to be concerned for the welfare of their fellow Jews there, as they will be for Jews all over the world. But politically, argues Toynbee, they will be Americans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, etc., even more firmly than they were before. Does this mean that the Diaspora—the dispersed group of Jewish communities outside Israel—is doomed to extinction? On the contrary, says Toynbee. "It has a magnificent future on a religious basis if it bases itself on religion alone."

Israelis, and perhaps most other Jews, are convinced that the wave of the future for Judaism lies in the state of Israel rather than the Jews outside it. But, says Toynbee, "as an historian, peering into the future in the light of the past, I spy the wave of the future in the Jewish Diaspora."

Israelis are confident that the future is theirs, because they have brought Jews back to the "normal" pattern of society—the territorial state. But the nation-state is out of date, thinks Toynbee. "In the new age, on which we are now entering, the standard type of community, in my expectation, is going to be not the territorial national state, but the world-encompassing religious community. It is, in fact, going to be the type of community that has been represented already, for some 2,400 years past,* by the Jewish Diaspora."

No More Romance? This fits in with another pet Toynbee thesis. Agricultural civilization, which tied man down to a parcel of land and produced the territorial type of community, is being replaced, Toynbee theorizes, by a "mechanical-industrial dispensation," which "resembles the food-gathering and hunting one in a significant particular. In contrast to the cultivator of the soil, the aboriginal Australian food gatherer and the ultra-modern immigrant Australian or American industrial worker are like each other in both being rootless . . . If we want a label for the now dawning third age of human history, we can call it equally well either 'the age of Diasporas' or 'the age of civilization' . . .

"Those once romantic goddesses, the local states—Britain, Nicaragua, the United States, Israel, and the other ten dozen of them—will still be on the map, because they will still have local jobs of work to do, such as minding and mending the drains and administering other local public utilities. But the romance will have gone out of them . . . Ubiquitous but non-monopolistic religious associations will, I believe, be the standard type of community in our Atomic Age.

"If this forecast proves correct, the Jewish Diaspora will have been the pioneer and pilot community of the new kind. That is a glorious role . . . Let it take heart, and seize its destiny with both hands, now that its long travail is at last on the verge of bearing fruit."

* Toynbee harks back to the first Diaspora in 586 B.C., when Emperor Nebuchadnezzar wiped out the Kingdom of Judah and initiated the spiritually fruitful period of the "Babylonian Captivity."

Vatican Efficiency

The American Institute of Management, which evaluated the efficiency of the Roman Catholic Church under Pope Pius XII at 8,800 out of a possible 10,000 points (TIME, Jan. 30, 1956), this week announced that according to a new audit, Pope John XXIII has raised the church's "management excellence" rating 210 points to 9,010.*

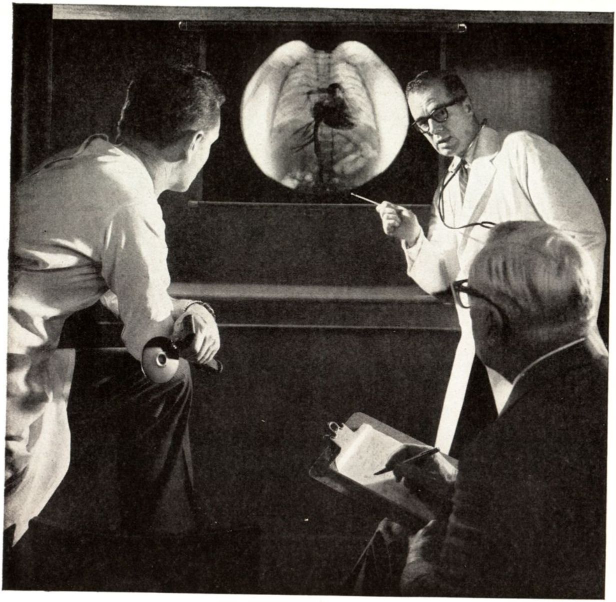
The improvement has been registered mostly in the categories "Trustee Anal-

UPI

POPE JOHN XXIII
In a class with General Motors.

ysis" and "Administrative Evaluation." Under the former, the institute praises Pope John's increase in the College of Cardinals from 52 at the death of Pope Pius XII to 86, of whom 32 are Italians. As for Administrative Evaluation, says the report: "Pius XII was a man of extraordinary spiritual values . . . John XXIII is a man of the people, practical, knowledgeable, and seemingly effective in grasping the situation that confronts the Church, everywhere. There is less of a Roman clique behind today's decisions in the Church, and more of a hard-working cardinalate. All down the line there has been a noticeable improvement in placing the right man in the right position of authority."

* Rating of 9,000 or better has been achieved by such organizations as Aluminum Co. of America, American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Eastman Kodak Co., E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., General Electric Co., General Motors Corp., Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., National Cash Register Co., Procter & Gamble Co., Standard Oil Co. of California, and Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).



How you benefit when your doctor "goes to the movies"

Actual x-ray motion pictures of the heart, once a medical curiosity, are now a practical and revolutionary weapon in the fight against heart disease.

Two new developments from Machlett Laboratories, a subsidiary of Raytheon, enable your doctor to study the action of the heart over and over on film. He can also consult with other doctors, even in distant hospitals, via closed circuit television.

One of these Machlett devices is an x-ray tube that eliminates unwanted radiation without affecting the diagnostic quality of the exposure. This x-ray tube, combined with a new "image amplifier" tube, reduces exposure to harmful radiation by 90% for both patient and doctor, and makes x-ray movies and televised x-rays a practical reality. The result can often be an earlier and more accurate diagnosis of heart disease than was previously possible.

Medicine is one of many fields of activity that progress through Raytheon's continued leadership in electronics. Raytheon Company, Waltham, Mass.

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ENGINEERS AND SCIENTISTS: for challenging opportunities with a company growing in all phases of electronics, write E. H. Herlin, Professional Personnel Coordinator

SCIENCE

Geo-Corona

Space between the planets looks crystal clear to the unscientific eye. But there is indirect evidence that a very thin gas pervades at least some parts of it. Scientists have argued for years about this tenuous stuff: one theory holds that interplanetary space is filled with "resident" gas that has nothing to do with the planets; another claims that the outer fringe of the sun's glowing corona sometimes reaches out as far as the earth's orbit. The issue remained in doubt for the simple reason that no one had actually sampled interplanetary space, but in Britain's *New Scientist* Professor Josif Shklovsky of Moscow's State Astronomical Institute tells how Soviet space probes have measured the gas directly.

The Russian space scientists reasoned that any gas outside the earth's atmosphere would be ionized—broken into electrically charged particles—by the sun's radiation. So they furnished their space probes with ion traps: simple instruments that give electrical signals whenever a charged particle hits them. The Soviet moon probe launched on Sept. 12, 1959 carried four traps adjusted to respond to ions of different energies, and it telemetered 12,000 measurements back to the earth.

After Professor Shklovsky and his team of astrophysicists analyzed the data, they concluded that the earth has a "geo-corona" of very thin ionized gas that extends out about 14,000 miles. Beyond 15,000 miles the Russians found no measurable ions, and Shklovsky believes that true interplanetary space has little or no resident gas. One possibility is that the streams of high-energy particles that shoot out of the sun (and probably cause the earth's Van Allen radiation belt) sweep the solar system clean of any gas that leaks into it.

The gas in the earth's corona, Astrophysicist Shklovsky reasons, is mostly hydrogen which came originally from the earth's oceans. Water vapor works its way up from the lower atmosphere. When it reaches about 60 miles, its molecules are broken into oxygen and hydrogen by solar radiation. The hydrogen, being lighter, tends to rise, and above about 1,000 miles it becomes the main constituent of the atmosphere. Some of its molecules get hot enough and move fast enough to reach escape velocity and leave the earth entirely. Moscow's Professor Shklovsky believes that enough hydrogen has escaped in this way to lower the level of the earth's oceans by several yards during the long span of geological time.

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star

Millions of people have watched Echo, the U.S. balloon satellite, as it crosses the sky. And most of them have noticed that it twinkles like a star and also brightens and dims slowly in a way that no star does. Why does it perform in this odd fashion? Last week the explanation came from Dr. Leonard Jaffe of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Echo's quick twinkling, said Jaffe, is caused by the same atmospheric irregularities that make stars wink. Some of its slower dimming may be due to thin patches of clouds, invisible at night—but most of it is Echo's own doing.

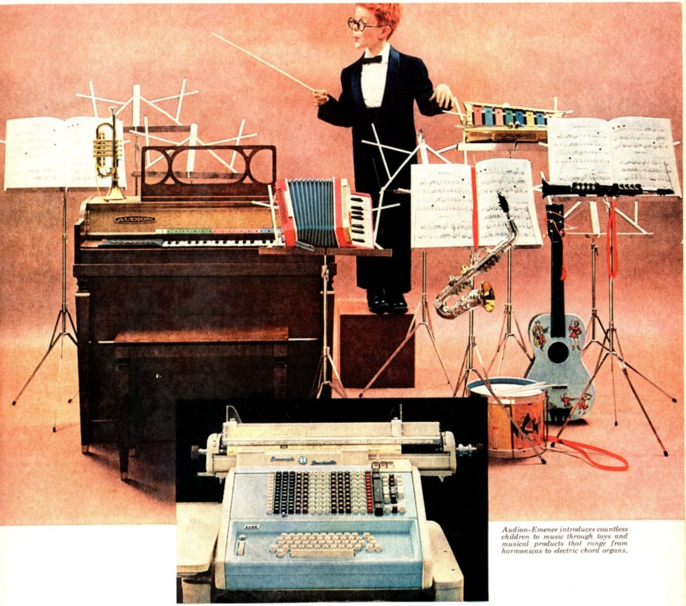
Walter Bennett

NASA's DR. JAFFE
Winks from old prune face.

When Echo first took to space on Aug. 12, it was as round and polished as a giant ball bearing, its aluminized Mylar film kept tightly inflated by 20 lbs. of vaporized anthraquinone, a normally solid organic chemical. When its 100-ft. sphere moved on its orbit 1,000 miles away from the surface of the earth, it covered about one-tenth the angle of the planet Venus at 40 million miles, but it did not show as a disk even in a powerful telescope. The sun reflecting on its spherical surface showed as a mathematical point, as stars do.

But space is a tough neighborhood for frail balloons. Microscopic meteorites punctured Echo's skin, allowing the gas inside to seep out. Sunlight exerted a slight but persistent pressure. Gradually Echo lost its regular shape; flat places and wrinkles appeared on its shiny surface. "She's prune-faced already," says Richard Slater of G. T. Schjeldahl, Northfield, Minn., the company that made the balloon. When Echo turns deliberately about once in eight to ten minutes, flat places sometimes act as mirrors, making the sun's reflection momentarily brighter. Wrinkled places dim the reflection. The radio waves that are bounced off Echo show the same variations.

For two weeks after launching, Echo stayed entirely outside the shadow of the Earth, but on Aug. 24 it dipped into darkness for two minutes while passing



Audion-Emenee introduces countless children to music through toys and musical products that range from harmonicas to electric chord organs.

BURROUGHS ALPHANUMERIC ACCOUNTING MACHINES PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN NINE MONTHS AT AUDION-EMENEE CORPORATION

The scene: Audion-Emenee Corporation, New York City—world's largest manufacturer of musical toys, and a leading producer of electric chord organs. **The jobs:** accounts payable, accounts receivable, payroll and cost analysis. **The equipment:** Burroughs F-1500 Alphanumeric Accounting Machines. **The results:** according to President Herbert L. Merin: "The productivity of these Burroughs Typing Accounting Machines is geared to such high standards that they returned our entire investment within 9 months. Turning out detailed records and reports efficiently and automatically, these machines keep pace with our mounting work load. And they facilitate decision-making through their ability to provide us with a complete and current picture of our financial status."

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over the U.S. West Coast. Each day its stay in the shadow will increase, until in late December the balloon satellite will be in darkness for 35 minutes of its 118-minute orbit. When it goes into the shadow, it shrinks a bit, but Dr. Jaffe does not know how much.

Echo's orbit has changed very little, but no one can say for sure how long it will last. All its gas pressure is probably gone by now. The only reason it keeps its shape is that the forces that tend to shrink or distort it are extremely small. Slater estimates that meteorites nibble away about $1\frac{3}{4}$ sq. in. of its skin per day. Eventually the sphere may collapse, pushed to a pancake by air drag and pressure of sunlight, or drawn together by the Mylar's "memory" of the way it was folded in the launching rocket. But a flattish or crumpled shape may continue to serve for years as a good radio reflector, which is the basic job that Echo was sent up to perform.

• • •

Echo is visible over much of Russia, and is the most conspicuous space vehicle launched so far. But the Soviet press and radio have made no mention of it. Unless a Soviet citizen follows foreign broadcasts, he does not know what to make of the bright star that creeps repeatedly across the night sky.

Little, Dancing Moneymaker

Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting white-fire insect,
Little, dancing white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids.

Longfellow's little Hiawatha loved fireflies. So do today's kids. So, in a professional sense, do many scientists, who recognize the firefly's light as a love call—but are both baffled and fascinated by its heatless, chemically generated properties. As of last week a chemical company, Schwartz Bio-Research Inc. of Mount Vernon, N.Y., had found a happy way of 1) letting children turn their firefly chasing to profit, 2) putting firefly tails to practical human use, and 3) offering hope that science may soon solve the longstanding puzzle of the little white-fire insect.

On the market was a Schwartz offering of dehydrated firefly tails at $5 per gram as a sensitive test for ATP—adenosine triphosphate—a vital chemical that is found in nearly all living cells. When ATP is added to an extract of firefly tails, the solution lights up, and the amount of light given off is proportionate to the amount of ATP. By measuring the light, the ATP can itself be measured.

The Schwartz company gets its fireflies from the southern states of the U.S., where they are collected by youngsters and shipped to Mount Vernon on dry ice. In charge of the 1960 firefly hunt was Marc Cohn, now 19, the son of an atomic scientist at Oak Ridge, Tenn. During the 1960 season he and his teams collected more than 1,000,000 flashing firefly tails —at 30¢ per 100.

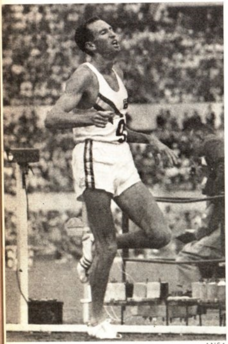
The Olympics

In every way it was a wonderful foot race. In at least one way it told more about the 1960 Olympics than any other single event. For nearly three laps, the winner—a hawk-nosed, crane-legged fellow with a familiar, loping stride—stayed back with the pack in the 1,500-meter race. Then, with disheartening ease, he moved past the leaders and began to draw away. Rounding the last turn, he saw his coach waving a white shirt as a signal that he had a chance to break his own world record of 3:36. Thereupon Australia's Herb Elliott, 22, sprinted down the middle of the track and broke the tape at 3:35.6.

Elliott's performance was the equivalent of a 3:52.6 mile. But every bit as remarkable was the fact that across the finish line after Elliott flashed a Frenchman, a Hungarian, a Swede, a Rumanian and the U.S.'s Dyrol Burleson—every one of them under the 1956 Olympic record of 3:41.2 set by Ireland's Ron Delany, who this year took one look at the tough competition and decided not to run.

In a strong sense, the finish of the 1,500-meter race dramatized the central point of the 1960 games: win or lose, never before had so many athletes from so many nations achieved such a high pitch of competitive accomplishment. Among the top events of the Olympics' final week:

¶ In the 400 meters, University of Oregon's Otis Davis, 28, seemed too inexperienced to stand up to the world's best. An itinerant athlete, he had originally signed on at Oregon as a basketball player, turned to track only two years ago. With little sense of pace, he barely qualified for the U.S. track team. In the finals, Davis' strategy was simply to stay with the field, then run every man into the ground. Coming around the turn, he accelerated past the leaders and headed for home at a clip that seemed to have him leaning backwards as his feet tried to run out from under him. Germany's Carl Kaufmann made a gallant dive at the tape, but Davis won in 44.9 sec. to break the world record by .3 sec.



ANSA

AUSTRALIA'S ELLIOTT
Even the losers were winners.

¶ In the pole vault, the U.S.'s outspoken Don ("Tarzan") Bragg, 25, had made such an impression on the Italian press that one paper called him "the handsomest athlete in Rome and perhaps the vainest." Holder of the world record at 15 ft. 9¼ in., Bragg caused a brief flurry when he flubbed his first try at the qualifying height of 14 ft. 5¼ in. But when the competition settled down, Bragg forgot his nerves, his gimpy right knee, and the fact that he had to hoist a heavyweight's body of 6 ft. 3 in., 196 lbs., then cleared 15 ft. 5⅛ in. to break the Olympic record by 5⅝.

¶ In weight lifting, Russia's genial Alexander Kurynov, 26, had always venerated Hawaii's two-time Olympic Champion Tommy Kono, 30, as one of the world's great athletes. Matched against Kono in the middleweight division, the Russian research scientist quickly forgot his hero worship, scored one of the Olympics' notable upsets by breaking Kono's world record, surpassing him by 22 lbs., with a total of 964½ lbs. in three lifts, and taking the gold medal.

¶ In the 400-meter men's relay, California's Ray Norton, 22, set out to atone for his humiliating, sixth-place finishes in both the 100 and 200 meters. Running the second leg, Norton was so anxious to get going that he sprinted right out of the exchange zone before he got the baton. Duke's Dave Sime, the U.S. anchorman, later finished first by a flicker, but Norton's foul disqualified the U.S. team, gave the gold medal to Germany. "I'm sick up to here with running," said Norton, pre-Olympic favorite to win three gold medals. "When I get back home, I'm not going to move faster than a slow walk."

As expected, Russia easily defeated the U.S. for the unofficial team title by mining a lode of gold medals in such sports as women's gymnastics (5) and women's track (6). Unexpectedly, the proud U.S. men's track team won only nine gold medals (*v.* 15 in the 1956 Olympics), set chauvinistic officials to charging that the best event of American athletes was the marathon of wine, women and song. Lost in the furor was the obvious fact that the U.S. still easily dominated men's track (runner-up Russia had five gold medals) and had, in fact, sprung major surprises of its own on the world by grabbing nine gold medals in swimming, three in wrestling and three in boxing. By far the soundest judgment on the U.S. performances at the 1960 Olympic Games came from Manhattan College's canny George Eastment, a coach of the men's track team: "We're not a race of supermen, and it's about time we realized that the rest of the world can produce athletes too."

Associated Press

TENNESSEE'S RUDOLPH
Over the blocks—and boom.

The Fastest Female

From the moment she first sped down the track of Rome's Olympic Stadium, there was no doubt that she was the fastest woman the world had ever seen. But that was only part of the appeal of the shy, 20-year-old Negro girl from Clarksville, Tenn. In a field of female endeavor in which the greatest stars have often been characterized by overdeveloped muscles and underdeveloped glands, Wilma ("Skeeter") Rudolph had long, lissome legs and a pert charm that caused an admiring Italian press to dub her "the Black Pearl." Last week Wilma Rudolph became the only track star, male or female of any country, to win three gold medals in the 1960 Olympics.

Running for gold-medal glory, Wilma Rudolph regularly got away to good starts with her arms pumping in classic style, then smoothly shifted gears to a flowing stride that made the rest of the pack seem to be churning on a treadmill. She tied the world record of 11.3 sec. in the 100 meters and won the final by three yds. She set an Olympic record of 23.2 sec. in the 200 meters and won the final by another three yds. Then, running with three of her Tigerbelle teammates from Tennessee State, Wilma anchored the winning 400-meter relay team and became the first American girl ever to win three gold medals in track.

The wonder was that Wilma Rudolph could run at all. The 17th in a family

of 19 children, Wilma had a series of crippling childhood diseases, did not walk until she was eight, and then had to wear a high-top, corrective shoe. By high school, Wilma had improved enough to become a four-year, all-state basketball player and to clean up in track. Now a junior at Tennessee State, Wilma is studying to be a teacher (average grade: B plus), has so little trouble winning races in the U.S. that she has sometimes slowed down in mid-sprint to shout encouragement to a teammate.

In Rome Wilma turned out to be about the calmest person on the U.S. squad, contrasting sharply with her steady date, tense and tormented Sprinter Ray Norton. "There's not a nerve in her body," said Ed Temple, her college coach, who also handled the U.S. women's team in Rome. "She's almost lazy. She often goes to sleep between the semifinal and final runs. Then she gets over those starting blocks and—boom—all that harnessed energy explodes into speed."

As her fame grew, Wilma got dozens of telegrams in a smattering of languages. She patiently signed autographs by the dozen as Italian fans threw their books down on the field. The home-town Clarksville *Leaf-Chronicle* ran a laudatory editorial ("an inspiration to the world in general"), and Tennessee's Governor Buford Ellington, who had run for office as an "old-fashioned segregationist," made plans to head the welcome-home party. When the Olympics were done, Coach Temple could find only one fault with the record of the world's fastest woman: "Wilma's never been tested since she came into her form. We don't know how fast she really can go."

The Champion

In drama and accomplishment, their duel was the most stirring man-to-man competition of the Olympic Games. Drenched by rain, California's strapping Rafer Johnson, 26 (TIME cover, Aug. 29), and Formosa's wiry Yang Chuan-kwang, 27, had struggled until 11 p.m. on the first day of the decathlon—the exhausting, ten-event test that would decide which was the world's best all-round athlete. On the second day, after the two men had wearily completed the ninth event (the javelin), statisticians figured that Johnson led Yang by a cliffhanging 67 points.

"I hope it's all wrapped up before the 1,500 meters," Johnson had said. "I never want to settle one in that thing." But the 1960 Olympic gold medal was to be settled in "that thing": the metric mile, despised by all decathlon men because it demands brute endurance just as their last bit of strength is ebbing away.

"Judas Priest!" Up in the stands in seat 18, row 10, entrance 5 was a short, bald track coach who knew better than any other man just how much the 1,500 meters would cost Johnson and Yang. U.C.L.A.'s Ducky Drake had trained them both. For two days he had alternately worried about Johnson ("He's tense. Loosen up, Ray. Loosen up! Relax"), and exhorted Yang ("Judas priest! Get that blasted head down on that high jump"). Drake guessed that Johnson would forget about winning the 1,500 meters, try simply to stick close enough to Yang to preserve his overall decathlon lead. "If Ray doesn't tie up, he'll dog Yang all the way," said Drake. "He's got the heart to do it."

When the two men lined up in the chilly night, their sweat-soaked bodies reflected light from the flaring Olympic torch. Right from the start, Johnson took his position behind Yang. At the end of the third lap, Yang suddenly let his head loll down to his chest. "Come on, Ray!" yelled U.S. Olympic Basketball Coach Pete Newell in a voice that carried to the track. "Come on, boy. He's fading." As though he had been slapped, Yang snapped his head up and increased the pace. Johnson painfully lengthened his stride.

John G. Zimmerman—Keystone

DRAKE, YANG & JOHNSON
Inch by inch to the end of "that thing."

"Walk, Walk, Walk." Coming into the homestretch, Yang fought to gulp down air, and began his final bid for a gold medal. His lead grew to a foot, two feet, a meter. Inch by inch, Johnson somehow gained it back. Then, with only meters to go, Johnson's legs went dead. Momentum alone carried him to the finish line a bare 1.2 sec. slower than Yang's time of 4:48.5. That was close enough: the race of his career had won Johnson the gold medal by the Olympic record score of 8,392 to Yang's 8,334. Left far behind in the third place with 7,809 points was Russia's Vasily Kuznetsov.

With every rival conquered, Rafer Johnson later reaffirmed his decision to retire from the decathlon. "Tonight I'm going to shower and then just walk for about four hours and look at the moon," said Olympic Champion Johnson. "I don't know where—just walk, walk, walk. I've got to unwind. I'm through, man, I'm through."

THE THEATER

Old Favorites in Manhattan

With two proved favorites, the 1960-61 season opened glowingly—not on Broadway, but just a step off.

At Manhattan's City Center, **Marcel Marceau** was for half the evening the superb solo mime he had proved before; in the second half, introducing his famous Compagnie de Mime, he performed movingly in a "mimodrama" of Gogol's *The Overcoat*. This 19th century tale of an out-at-elbows clerk who for years toils obsessively to own a fine overcoat only, after an intoxicated moment of triumph, to be robbed of it, is one of literature's most surcharged parables, often with meanings beyond words. And without words Marceau at times approached those meanings as—against the stylized puppetry of the other characters—he made something hauntingly human and personal of the clerk. If not everywhere equal, *The Overcoat* scores as both stage piece and production.

As mime, Marceau is almost as remarkable for range as for dexterity; even in a slightly too long evening, there is little sense of repetition. There is great range of emotional and comic effects; of human activity, as with a man engaging in all the attractions of a fair; and of human types, as in catching the whole varied life of a public garden. As a park-bench gossip or seasick voyager, Marceau is hilarious; as high-wire performer, he can be both hilarious and terrifying; as a mask maker pulling masks on and off with lightning speed and ending in agony with a grinning mask that won't come off, he is incomparable.

Opening the Phoenix Theater's eighth season, the Tyrone Guthrie production of **H.M.S. Pinafore** slapped salt freshness into Gilbert and Sullivan. Though bold as always, Director Guthrie in no sense threw out the baby with the bilgewater. He is too lustily stage-minded not to want to limber up the D'Oyly Carte tradition wherever stiff joints masquerade as style; but he is too English and too understanding of G. & S. to want to undermine what they did. The sudden gay way in which he has the crew lift Captain Corcoran off one side of the deck and deposit him on the other admirably indicates the kind of general lift he has given *Pinafore*.

Despite broader aims, his production never parts with its broad *a*. Nor is it slick; it is simply more farcical and playful than the usual production, more given to sassy detail in an unmolested design, to whispering what is commonly bellowed or enlarging what is usually small. Just as D'Oyly Carte elegance runs a bit too much to horsehair, Guthrie robustness smacks a bit too much of horseplay. But this *Pinafore* is Gilbert and Sullivan, not Guthrie and Sullivan. Thus, as Josephine, pretty, pleasing-voiced Marion Studholme sings her arias impeccably for the lovely songs they are; and if Sir Joseph Porter capers, he was always wont to caper, and was always meant to.

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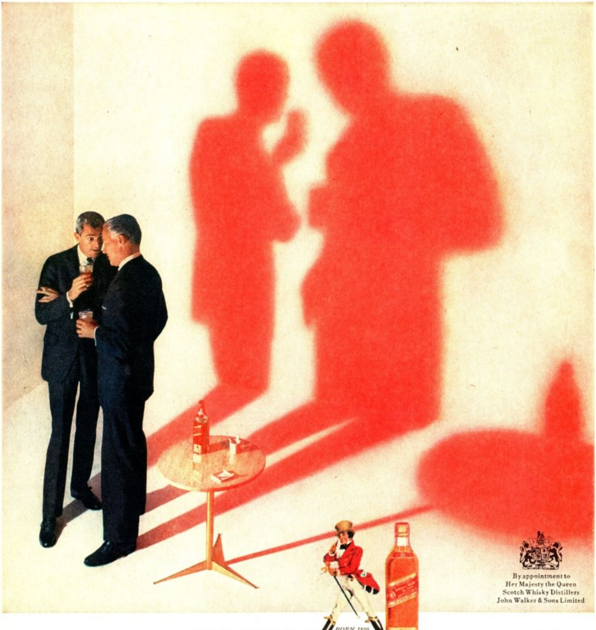

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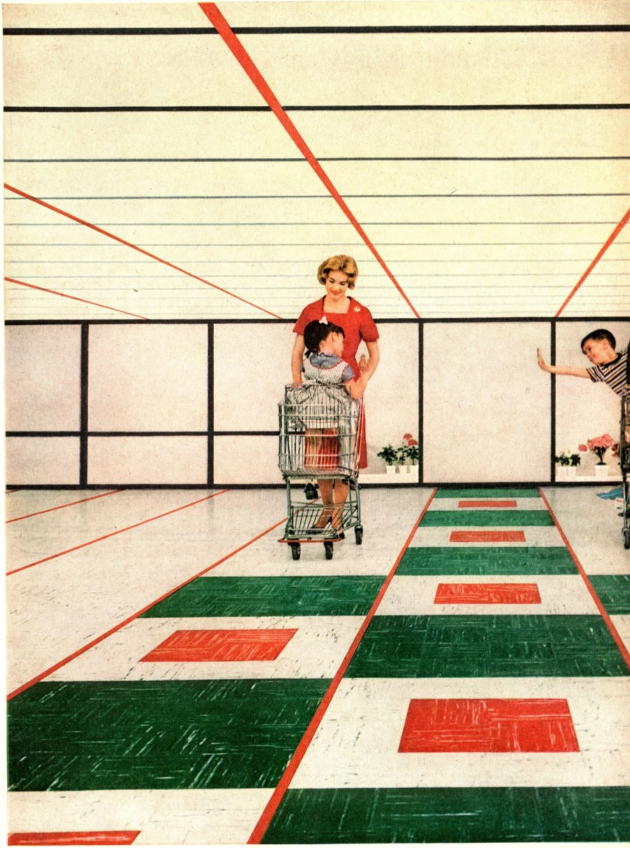
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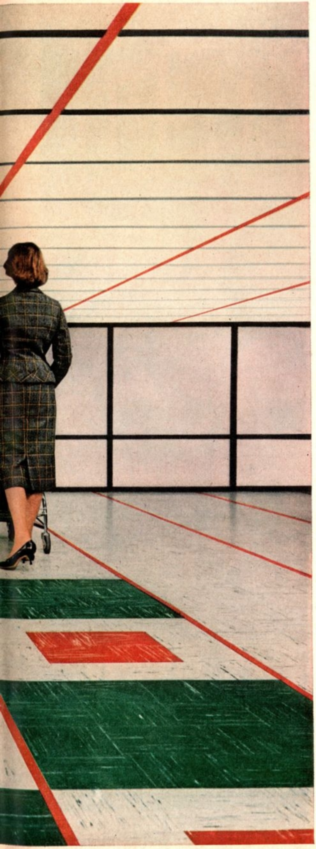

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Fish in Deep Waters

Like a big fish that has been sometimes sighted but never hooked, Italy's Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli has a reputation as one of the world's best—and most eccentric—pianists, even though he remains elusive to both critics and audiences. Rated as Italy's No. 1 keyboard artist, Michelangeli seldom surfaces to perform, yet keeps the waters of controversy thrashing. Some call him great; others regard his style as too light and chilly.

Hailed as "the new Liszt" at 19, Michelangeli has toured erratically and temperamentally, but today, at 40, is known chiefly among other leading pianists. Perhaps his most important work: his year-round classes for hand-picked students from all over the world. At his summer home in Arezzo near Florence last week, Michelangeli was presiding over his latest international class of 34, enforcing iron discipline but treating musical problems with immense patience. He can dismiss a student at a moment's notice if he fails to show the "talent and good will"; yet he never takes fees from those who stay.

When classes are over, Michelangeli, a powerful, strapping man whose large hands can dominate a steering wheel as readily as a keyboard, climbs into his Lancia and scorches the road to his seaside summer home. The pianist drove in the prewar Mille Miglia three times, won once, but now has quit racing, officially at least. (He boasts that he recently forced his Ferrari to 186 m.p.h.)

Living Within. Michelangeli's house is currently shared by three female students; yet friends who know him well vow that he leads a semi-monastic life devoted exhaustingly to perfecting and augmenting his repertory of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Ravel and Chopin, and to absorbing Italian verse during hours of relaxation. During his teens, Michelangeli lived in a monastery for one year during a bout with tuberculosis, still withdraws there when the world presses too close.

A prodigy who was teaching at a conservatory when he was only 16, Michelangeli served in the Italian air force and *Alpini* during World War II. He ran afoul of the German SS, who, by his account, "rubber-hosed" his arms when they learned he was a pianist. "A minor war wound of no lasting consequence," shrugs Michelangeli. But since the war, his health has been poor; he has played less and less, behaves with growing eccentricity. During rare recording sessions, he will sit pondering for hours before placing hands to keys, or walk out to take the speeding air in his car. Or he may smash an offending master disk over his knees, as he did at Naples a few years ago, destroying two weeks' work. On the concert stage he is equally unpredictable, sometimes performing in a sport coat or overcoat before audiences in dinner jackets or tails. He balks at applause, is apt to stalk away from cries for encores.

Not from Barnum's. Says Genoa Critic Beppe Borselli indulgently: "The man is capricious and affected. The artist is strict and terse. He flees from every sort of histrionics, from all romantic drivel." The virtuoso's tour to the U.S. in 1948-49 won him lukewarm applause, and the New York *Times's* late Olin Downes missed "penetrating comprehension and imagination" in Michelangeli's playing. With equal finality, the pianist blames the fact that he would not play to the gallery: "They wanted me to act as if I was from Barnum's circus."

Since he will accept neither teaching fees nor a government stipend, Michelangeli sooner or later will again have to tour in Italy to help support himself. During his travels he is always accompanied by his personal piano tuner and his Steinway (loaded on a truck). The instrument has been stripped of all felt, until, someone observed, it will begin playing if "someone breathes on it." Italian commentators know where Michelangeli is, even if the rest of the world is not so sure. They are still debating his cold-fish, withdrawn but pure style of performing. "As performer of classics he has never satisfied me," states Venetian Critic Giuseppe Pugliese. Not at all, exclaims *Corriere della Sera* Critic Franco Abbiati: "He is outstanding as an interpreter of classics or French expressionists." And Verona Critic-Composer Laszlo Spezzaferri pronounces Michelangeli's technique "absolute perfection."

Jan Holcman—*Saturday Review*

PIANIST MICHELANGELI
Fleeing from the circus.

Sound in the Round

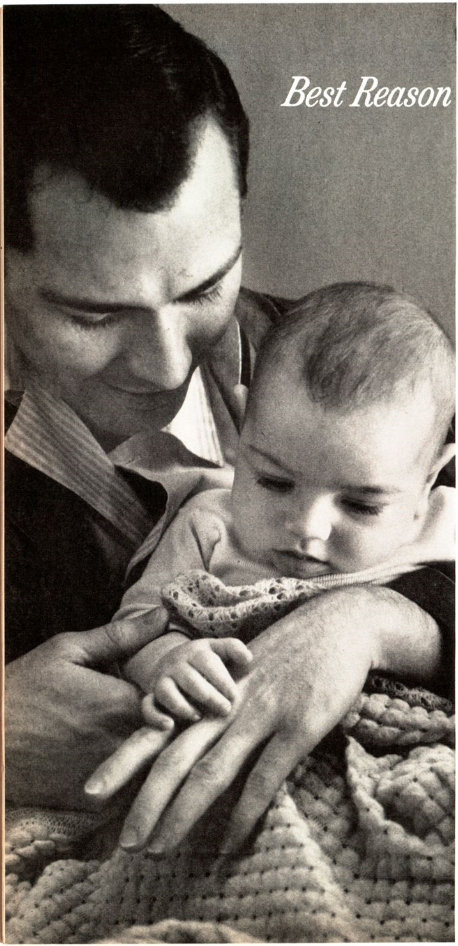
There has not been anything quite like it since the stereopticon delighted the nation's tasseled parlors with its "magic" ability to make the two-dimensional seem three-dimensional. After a sluggish start in 1958, stereophonic music has finally begun to catch the ear and the purse strings of the U.S. This year's sales of stereo phonographs are nearly double last year's (1,423,179 for 1960 to date; 757,710 for 1959) and stand at more than three times those of standard players (438,011 for the year of date). Fresh labels are flowing from the record mints to fill the stereo gap—by no means all of them living up to the promise of true "separation of sound." While the vogue has produced some first-rate performances, (London's *Girl of the Golden West*, RCA Victor's brilliant new *Turandot*, Columbia's *Concerto for Orchestra* by Bartok) too often the stereo disks appeal not to music lovers but to sound addicts, craving to be enveloped by that "wrap-around" effect.

BANDLEADER LIGHT
Listening to the purse strings.

All kinds of sounds are being recast in the stereo mold, but the stereo fan has learned that he can best demonstrate the pingpong effects with the plink and thump of percussion instruments, and stereo records with "percussion" in the title have a Presley-like pull. Command Records, a stereo pioneer, seldom settles for less than two Ps in titles, such as *Persuasive Percussion* and *Provocative Percussion* which between them have sold hundreds of thousands of copies since last September. Companies both big and small are doubling in brass. Among the new releases:

Brass and Percussion (Morton Gould and his Symphonic Band; Victor). Marches by Sousa, Goldman, E. E. Bagley and Conductor Gould pit piccolo against bassoon, trumpet against drum, with the listener caught in between, as if trapped in a Fourth of July parade.

The Private Life of a Private Eye (Enoch Light and the Light Brigade; Command). Bandleader Light, Command's artist-and-repertory chief, and Fellow-Composer Lewis A. Davies have written a ballet for the ear, suggesting that stereo



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may give rise to original compositions to exploit its spatial effects. The score runs the gamut of styles, incorporating some fine workable musical ideas, as well as some that are merely reminiscent of background music for crime melodramas.

String of Trumpets (Billy Mure, his Guitar and Orchestra; Everest). Player Mure has muted his guitar and assembled an impressive crowd of trumpeters—Doc Severinsen, Ernie Royal, Bernie Glow among others. They eloquently blare out big-band and specialty numbers.

Pertinent Percussion Cha Cha's (Command). This time, Bandleader Light provides a strong, not to say overpowering beat for the stereo fan who likes to exercise while listening.

Fantastic Percussion (Felix Slatkin conducting; Liberty). Classical Conductor Slatkin enlists in the stereo wars, blending 35 kinds of percussion instruments from all over the world to lend new, cool and yet exotic color to standard tunes like *Blues in the Night*. One of the more civilized and sophisticated stereo demonstrations, with feathery Balinese bells leaping from speaker to speaker and mingling in mid-air.

Percussive Vaudeville (Harry Breuer and Orchestra; Audio Fidelity). A sentimental treatment of Gay Nineties songs is mixed with Spike Jonesian horn and whistle exclamations. The "separation of sound" here is greater than that between the far ends of a vaudeville pit, and the effect, while startling, ultimately cancels out the melody.

Beethoven: Wellington's Victory (Morton Gould and his Orchestra; Victor). A rare lapse of genius, the so-called "Battle Symphony," written in 1813 when the composer was at the height of his powers (he had just finished the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies), is a fascinating but vulgar and bombastic ode to Wellington's victory over Napoleon. Frankly composed to make money and originally intended for the panharmonicon, a sort of early stereo machine built by a German inventor in which nine different types of instruments were operated mechanically, the piece includes a rumbling *God Save the King*, an absurdly tinkling *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*, an immense eruption of drums and other battle effects, with only an occasional hint of the true Beethoven (most contemporary critics loved it). Altogether, it is a fine stereo demonstration piece and, as deafeningly played by Conductor Gould, guaranteed to agitate the surface of a martini at 20 ft.

Baton Battle

"We can always find a piano to play, but we have to come from all over the world to Besancon to find an orchestra to conduct." So said New York's Allen Miller, 27, who with 34 other contestants (all under 30) was taking part in Besançon's tenth annual International Competition for Young Conductors. Every summer musicians and music fans journey to the town in eastern France to look over the new podium talent: a prize or honorable mention in the contest usually brings quick success, or at least a job, in the music world.

Jean Marquis
CONDUCTOR JORGENSEN
Some tricks of his own.

The meet is a rigorous, three-day affair conducted in the town's Casino movie house and the municipal theater, under a glowering panel of judges headed by France's Composer-Teacher Eugène Bigot. The young maestros must whip a professional orchestra through difficult pieces, noting as they go errors planted along the way to trip them up.

As the competition moved toward the finals last week, a battle shaped up between Poland's Witold Dobrzynski, who startled the audience with a dynamic, expert performance of *Beauty and the Beast* from Ravel's *Mother Goose Suite*, and Denmark's Paul Jorgensen, who became an early favorite with his Victor Borge-like humor, which puzzled spectators but intrigued the judges. Wearing a perpetual wry grin, the Dane began his performance by tapping on the rack to silence not the musicians but the judges themselves. For all his humor, he was adept at dodging errors, at one point marched angrily over to an offending bass player, pointing his baton and shouting accusingly. The orchestra later rewarded him with a flawless performance of *Beauty and the Beast*.

During the final play-off, Dobrzynski floundered badly in a Borodin selection and got lost in *Die Fledermaus*. When it was Jorgensen's turn, he moved to the podium with the same puzzling grin and waved the orchestra through both pieces without a flaw. During the last test selection—a tricky, untitled tone poem composed by Judge Bigot to tax contestants—Jorgensen drove the orchestra through the score so fast that the string section was glazed with perspiration at the finish. He won first prize hands down. For all his clowning, he had proved himself, in the words of Judge Bigot, "a truly great young conductor."

ART

Old Man & the Sea

It seemed to the art collector from New York that he had tramped over every inch of the craggy Maine peninsula called Prout's Neck, but he could not find a trace of the famous resident he was looking for. Finally he spotted an old fisherman in rubber boots and battered hat. "I say, my man," he called, "if you tell me where I can find Winslow Homer, I have a quarter for you." "Where's your quarter?" snapped the old fisherman, and the stranger quickly handed one over. The fisherman took it, carefully dropped it into his pocket, and without so much as a thank-you said, "I am Winslow Homer."

He had settled down on Prout's Neck in 1884, and he was to have his home there until his death at 74 in 1910. The place was a lonely, windswept land that Homer inadvertently helped turn into a bustling summer resort. Last week, in a special tribute to Homer on the 50th anniversary of his death, the Portland Museum of Art put on an exhibition of a highly personal sort. There were only three of the artist's oils, only eight of his watercolors; but there were plenty of reminders of the man himself. From his nephew's widow came three dolls, one suspended from a garter, that Homer used as models. There were his old watercolor brushes, a newly discovered sketch book, a rumpled storm cap, a fishing net he used as a prop. These were the artist's simple possessions—and for long periods of time, his only companions.

PAINTER HOMER

"That Duck Pond." To his friends, there was always something of a mystery about why he suddenly quit New York and withdrew to Maine. Some said it was because he wanted to cut down on his drinking; others claimed he was miffed at the critics; Homer himself said it was to escape jury duty. Actually, his father had years before bought a cottage on the peninsula, and Homer fell in love with the place. He liked the reticent natives, who left him alone, and like them, he had little use for outsiders.

He was happiest when he could go out in a storm, "robed head to foot in rubber," and when the ocean calmed down he contemptuously referred to it as "that duck pond." Though he traveled each year, he would stay up in Maine by himself until just before Christmas. The wind howled around him, the temperature dropped to 12 below. But Winslow Homer was happy.

"Not At Home!" "I deny that I am a recluse," he once wrote a friend. "Neither am I an unsociable hog." But when a feature writer wanted his views on art, he testily wrote: "I suppose you think I am . . . interested in art. *That is a mistake.* I care nothing for art." If a visitor knocked at his door, he would yell, "Mr. Homer is not at home." Gradually, Homer became so isolated that he had to hire a local man to call on him each morning just to make sure he was still alive.

A few oldtimers on Prout's Neck still remember their famous neighbor. They tell of how he raised pink carnations behind his studio, and how, when it was hot, he wore a wet sponge on his head out of a morbid fear of sunstroke. He would slash away with his cane at clumps of

THE GLORY OF FLANDERS—AND DETROIT

"SUPERB!" cried the London *Times* after its art critic returned across the Channel from the city of Bruges. The word has been echoed in recent weeks by more than 150,000 visitors from all over Europe. In Bruges' small, whitewashed Groeninge Museum, tucked away behind the gabled houses that line the ancient Dyver Canal, hung the largest show of 15th century Flemish artists ever assembled. It was a nostalgic occasion for the Belgians, for here were all the glories that had been theirs when Bruges was the mightiest seaport in northern Europe and one of the greatest art centers the world had ever seen. But the idea for the exhibit did not originate in Belgium. It came from the seemingly unlikely place called Detroit.

A longtime Flemish-art buff, Director Edgar Richardson of the Detroit Institute of Arts decided more than a year ago that such a show, opening first in Bruges and then in Detroit, would be an excellent way to celebrate the Detroit Institute's 75th anniversary. After all, the institute owned 10% of all the Flemish art in the U.S. King Baudouin was approached, and agreed to be a patron; so did President Eisenhower. Museums from San Francisco to Munich lent works, and the U.S. Navy was called in to carry the U.S. loans across the Atlantic. This week, when the show completes its run in Europe, it will be packed into air-conditioned trucks that will head with motorcycle escorts to Saint-Nazaire, where a Navy transport is waiting to take them to their second grand opening, in Detroit.

The Great Dukes. The century on display was the age of the Burgundian dukes, Philip the Good and Charles the Bold, who by marriage and conquest so augmented their insignificant duchy that they came to be known as "the Great Dukes of the Occident." In Bruges, Venetians and Genoese, Danes and Swedes met to trade, and from all over the Low Countries great painters came—Jan van Eyck, Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Gérard David, and the three artists known today only as the masters of Flémalle, of the St. Ursula legend, and of the Tiburtine Sibyl.

The Bruges-Detroit show starts with Jan van Eyck, who was court painter and *varlet de chambre* to Philip the Good, and did as much as any man to change the history of painting.

He was a deeply religious artist, but what struck his contemporaries and swept his influence across Europe was his liberating naturalism. His predecessors, in an effort to keep their religious themes on a properly spiritual level, tended to idealize their figures. Van Eyck had a passion for detail, and his people—whether saints or not—were complete individuals. Landscape and still life came into their own; light and shadow played a more subtle role; the way was open for the time when the everyday mortal would become a worthy subject for art.

Black Depressions. About the time that Van Eyck lay dying, Hugo van der Goes was born. In 1468 history records that he helped design the street ornaments in Bruges for the marriage of Charles the Bold to Margaret of York. He rose swiftly after that, carrying on the trend to greater humanization (*see color*). But Hugo van der Goes was obsessed by the belief that he was damned. At the peak of his fame he withdrew to a monastery, where kindly monks played sweet music to him when his black depressions came. He died in 1482 hopelessly insane.

For all his inner torment, there was about the work of Van der Goes, as in all the 15th century Flemish masters, an atmosphere of calm and quiet reverence. But in the work of the last of the artists shown in Bruges, all hell literally broke loose. Hieronymus Bosch filled his canvases with demons and monsters, naked little humans, and a catalogue of symbols that have kept the experts guessing ever since. In the *Last Judgment* (*see color*), tiny sinners are systematically crushed, drowned, stabbed, hanged, butchered and eaten alive. A huge mouse turns into a kind of coach, a shoe becomes a boat, a fish sprouts a human face, a man crawls like a crab under a metal shell. Of Hieronymus Bosch personally, almost nothing is known—except that as a painter of nightmares, he has never been excelled.

MUNICIPAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BRUGES

LAST JUDGMENT, the central panel of a triptych by Hieronymus Bosch, shows, on the eve of the Reformation, the concern of the artist with hell rather than heaven.

WALTERS ART GALLERY, BALTIMORE

PORTRAIT OF A DONOR with St. John the Baptist typifies in its fusion of realism and mysticism the age and the art of master Hugo van der Goes.

elderberries, because he considered the elderberry "weak." His great passion was the sea, which he painted, not as something seen through a dream as did the more mystical Albert Ryder, but as man's restless, churning, ever-changing challenge.

The oldtimers are hazy about one thing in Homer's life: they say he died in Cambridge, Mass., but his biographers disagree. Late in the summer of 1910, it seems, he began to fail. He could barely write, and eventually he went blind. But when his two brothers came to his bedside and suggested he be moved to more comfortable quarters, Homer remained firm. "I will stay in my own house," he said, and there, that September, he died.

The Flee Market

Like many Europeans, Juan Antonio Gaya-Nuño, director of Madrid's Velásquez Institute, becomes outraged whenever he thinks about the steady flight of European art treasures to the U.S. But he does not put all the blame on the Americans. Says he, in the French magazine *Connaissance des Arts:* It is selfish and dollar-mad Europeans who have really done the damage.

The only art treasures that are safe, says Gaya-Nuño, are those in the big museums: the best of the private collections seem "irretrievably destined to emigrate to the U.S., if not in this generation then during the next." The great museums of Europe themselves are already developing serious shortcomings in the thoroughness and quality of their collections. The Prado may still be the "indispensable museum" for Spanish art of the 16th through 18th centuries, says Gaya-Nuño, but for Spanish Gothic art, one must go to America.

"For Italian artists, let us take Sassetta: since Berenson gave him his present prestige, he has enjoyed such a success among the collections of America that it is there and not in Europe that one must study his work." The Louvre has 58 Delacroix; but there are 66 in the U.S., while France's neighbor Spain does not have one. Daumier is far better represented in Washington or Boston or Baltimore than in his home town of Marseille.

"American cities," continues Gaya-Nuño, "which 50 years ago were little more than a set for a western—a street, some bars, horses and cowboys—now have museums far superior to those in Amiens or Pisa." At the same time, the big museums, such as Manhattan's Metropolitan, "are just about to surpass definitively the great museums of Europe, just as the small ones surpassed their European counterparts a long time ago."

As for architecture, the European need only visit the Cloisters on the Hudson to see what has happened. There, in one "arbitrary hodgepodge," are the Saint-Guilhem cloister, the chapter house of Notre-Dame-de-Pontaut, woodwork from the House of Francis I in Abbeville, the cloisters of Cuxa and Bonnefont. Concludes Gaya-Nuño: "The whole of Europe is nothing but a Flea Market that waits, full of anxiety and emotion, for the arrival of the *nouveau riche.*"

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Let's Make Love (20th Century-Fox) brings Marilyn Monroe on-screen with an entrance that should make historians of the drama forget Bernhardt's exits. The viewer sees the stage of a Greenwich Village theater, and in its center, a shiny fire pole. Clinging to it as if to her last shred of resistance before an engulfing passion is Marilyn, rigged out in black tights. Languorously she slides down the pole, uncoils, arranges her lips in Schlitz position and murmurs, "My name is. Lolita. And I'm not supposed to. Play. With boys." Then she begins to sing *My Heart Belongs to Daddy.*

There is a lot of Marilyn to admire these days, but it is still in fine fettle; at 34, she makes 21 look ridiculous. The smile that reassures nervous males ("It's all right, I'm not real") has never been more dazzling. And the comic counterpoint of fleshy grandeur and early Shirley Temple manner is better than ever. But despite Mrs. Miller, the film is not really good low humor. It is merely good-humored. Co-Star Yves Montand, the French music hall singer, is urbane and masculine, but he seems constrained by a part that requires him to pretend he is not an expert song-and-dance man. He plays a billionaire who, to be near Actress Monroe, decides to take the part of himself in a satirical off-Broadway revue and keeps his identity secret so that Marilyn may love him for his pilgrim soul, rather than his money.

The production is slick, the songs are good—notably one in which Crooner Frankie Vaughan says with fervor, in effect, never mind good lyrics, "give me a song that sells"—and the plot no thinner than most. The supporting actors are expert, especially Tony Randall, who plays Montand's pressagent with an accurate blend of servility and fresh-faced eagerness. One reason why the film, although consistently pleasant, is only fitfully funny may be a plague now widespread in Hollywood movies. Milton Berle, Gene Kelly and Bing Crosby appear in brief "cameo" parts as themselves (they are supposed to be teaching Montand how to joke, dance and sing), and whatever disbelief has been suspended comes crashing to earth. Miltie, Gene and Bing are good fellows, but farceurs should know enough to come in out of the reality.

MONROE IN "LOVE"
No, no to the boys.

The Captain's Table (Rank; 20th Century-Fox) is a so-so stateroom farce in which an honest clod of a freighter captain (John Gregson) is put in command of a passenger liner, only to find that it is a vessel of iniquity, whose officers are mainly concerned with smuggling cigarettes and snuggling with lady voyagers. Before long the captain has taken a pratfall into a tray of lobster newburg, walked shudderingly across a boat deck alive with cries of water-borne passion, indulged in a spirited pie-throwing match with a roomful of children, and repulsed the sort of lowlife lady (Nadia Gray) that fictional characters are always repulsing. In no time at all, however, he meets the sort of highlife chick (Peggy Cummins) that fictional characters are always marrying; and at film's end, sure enough, he makes port.

Best bit: coming on board for his first inspection tour, Captain Gregson spies the nubile young nanny of the ship's nursery in the grasp of a seaman. "What's your job?" the captain roars. "Babies, sir," says the pretty thing. "Carry on," says the captain.

GREGSON & CUMMINS IN "TABLE"
So-so in the stateroom.

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Steel

MILESTONES

Born. To Jean Ann Kennedy Smith, 32, youngest sister of Democratic Presidential Nominee John F. Kennedy, and Stephen Edward Smith, 32, a Manhattan tug and barge executive turned fulltime Kennedy campaigner: their second son; in Boston. Name: William Kennedy.

Married. Gary Crosby, 27, oldest son of Der Bingle and the fourth of five (the exception: two-year-old Harry Lillis III) to marry a Las Vegas show girl; and Barbara Stuart, 27, strapping (6 ft.) blonde; she for the second time; in Las Vegas.

Married. John Robert Russell, 43, tax-pinched 13th Duke of Bedford, who since opening his ancestral Woburn Abbey estate to the public in 1955 has entertained more than 2,000,000 visitors—including a nudists' convention—at 35¢ a head; and Nicole Milinair, 40, comely, cigar-smoking, French-born TV producer and World War II Resistance worker, who remarked upon receipt of her diamond engagement ring: "It's a nice piece of glass, isn't it?"; he for the third time, she for the second; in Ampthill, England.

Died. Jussi Bjoerling, 49, renowned tenor, a Metropolitan Opera fixture since 1938, who, from his 1929 operatic debut in his native Sweden to his recent recording of *Turandot*, displayed a continually improving, distinctive and beautiful voice; of a heart attack; in Siar, Sweden. The heart seizure was at least his fourth since 1959, including one in March at London's Covent Garden while singing Rodolfo in *La Bohème*. With the Queen Mother in the audience, Bjoerling insisted on completing the performance after only a 30-minute break.

Died. Ralph Gilmour Brooks, 62, a fast-talking (once clocked at 487 words per minute and nicknamed "Babbling") school superintendent who in 1959 became the first Democratic Governor of Nebraska in 18 years, was running this year for the U.S. Senate; of a heart attack; in Lincoln, Neb.

Died. Jimmy Savo (born Sava), 64, gifted vaudeville and Broadway pantomimist of the 1920s and 1930s who made famous his baggy pants and his expression of wile-eyed innocence; of a heart attack; in Terni, Italy. Breaking in as an amateur juggler before the age of ten, the Bronx-born comic sometimes broke his eloquent silence, as in his famed renditions of *River, Stay 'Way from My Door* and *One Meat Ball*, hit his Broadway peak in 1938 in *The Boys from Syracuse*, in 1946 made a nightclub comeback following a leg amputation for a malignant tumor.

Died. Earl Kemp Long, 65, madcap brother of Louisiana's Huey Long and a three-time Governor of the state; of a heart attack; in Alexandria, La. (*see* NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Died. William Francis O'Neil, 75, rugged, restless founder in 1915 and president until last April of the diversified industrial giant, The General Tire & Rubber Co.; of a heart ailment; in Akron, Ohio. A onetime worker in his father's Akron department store and later a Kansas City Firestone dealer, "W.O." O'Neil boosted General into the rubber industry's "Big Five" before branching in the 1940s into radio (as a sounding board to blast the United Rubber Workers) and rocketry (after a son was lost when a World War II rescue plane was unable to take off). Although his battle to acquire "enough diversification so that my sons [four surviving] wouldn't have to scrap with each other" eventually made him the producer of everything from badminton birds to wrought iron, O'Neil kept tabs on the bosses of his 46 far-flung subsidiaries and affiliates with the frequent query, "Why the hell aren't you fellows making more money?" Last year his General Tire, which netted $620 in 1915, made $26 million on a $703 million gross.

Died. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, 79, widow of Pennsylvania's former Republican Governor Gifford Pinchot, herself a headline-making political activist twice defeated in congressional campaigns; of a circulatory ailment; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Edith Nourse Rogers, 79, Republican Massachusetts Congresswoman for 35 years, a descendant of a Salem witch and longtime legislative champion of armed service veterans; of a heart attack; in Boston.

Died. Vincent Riggio, 82, president from 1946 to 1950 and board chairman the following year of The American Tobacco Co.; of a heart attack; in Mount Kisco, N.Y. Born in Sicily, Riggio was a $3-a-week Manhattan pantsmaker at 14, got a job selling Pall Malls in 1905. Possessed of a fluent tongue, an active imagination and a driving manner, Riggio was chosen to introduce Lucky Strikes in 1917, replaced flamboyant George Washington Hill as American Tobacco's president in 1946.

Died. Wilhelm Pieck, 84, patriarch of the German Communist Party and since 1949 East Germany's first President; of a heart attack; in East Berlin. A survival artist who deserted the Kaiser's army in World War I, but returned to Germany in 1918 to become a charter member of the German Communists' central committee, Pieck escaped to the Soviet Union the following year, when the committee's two leaders were slain (said one of them, Rosa Luxemburg: "Pieck was my most faithful, but also my most stupid student"), fled to Russia again before World War II. Coming back with the Red troops, the onetime carpenter was elected to the ceremonial post of President with a bigger vote (99.58%) than Hitler ever got.

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Thomas A. Edison

**Words to live by—Edison's motto still characterizes the spirit of American inventiveness. May we send you a handsome 6" x 9" framing copy? Write us on your business letterhead: McGraw-Edison Company, 1200 St. Charles Road, Elgin, Ill.*

It's 75 years later, but a Thomas A. Edison patent may play a part in solving the space age's vexing "heat barrier" problem.

While working on filaments for his new electric light, Edison patented a substance called "pyrolitic graphite"—able to conduct heat upon its surface up to a thousand times better than through its mass. Likely space age use: to help spread the intense heat of re-entry along the surface of a space vehicle's nose cone—allowing such heat to dissipate into the atmosphere without destroying the vehicle.

Filaments or firmament, Edison's farseeing imagination lives on. Today, it's part of a company heritage throughout McGraw-Edison's 34 divisions and subsidiaries. And our search is still for the better way... for your better living.

In pursuit of the better way:

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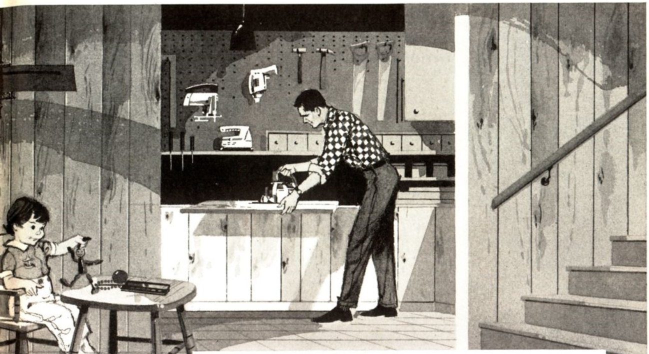
FOR THE HOME—Alpine, Arctic Circle, Buss, Continental, Coolerator, Crestline, Edison, Eskimo, Fostoria, Imperial, Manning-Bowman, LM Permaline, Power House, Spartan, Speed Queen, Toastmaster, TravelAire, Tropic-Aire and Zero Products: Fans • Toasters • Steam and Dry Irons • Fry Pans • Waffle Bakers • Percolators • Dryers • Household Fuses • Automatic Washers • Hair Clippers • Juvenile Furniture • Air Conditioners • Evaporative Cooling Equipment • Central Air Conditioning Equipment • Electrostatic Air Filters • Fibre Pipe • Space Heaters • Humidifiers • Dehumidifiers • Vibrators • Power Tools • Mixers • Can Openers

FOUND: a better way to keep radio communication "on the beam"
Double the number of radio stations are now available to aircraft, police and other two-way communications users. To avoid interference and signal overlap the FCC has set up stringent requirements—signal accuracy of 5 cycles per million. It used to be 50 cycles per million. Measurements Division's revolutionary Model 700 Standard Frequency Meter makes such accuracy possible . . . measures frequencies from 25 million to 1 billion cycles to the nearest 20 cycles, up to 250 times more accurate than FCC requirements. Does it with portable equipment . . . basic unit weighs 35 lbs.

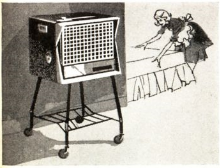


FOUND: **a better way to easier ironing**
Versatility is the keyword for this new Manning-Bowman® Spray-automatic-steam-and-dry iron. It works three different ways . . . at the touch of a finger. Switch from dry ironing to steam—or to a special dampening spray. Positive action pump assures a fine, even "instant" spray. Bonus: the cord adjusts quickly for either right or left-handed ironing!

FOUND: **a way to turn workshop work into fun**
Home craftsmen know any job goes faster and better with quality tools. That's why Bersted Division's complete lines of Power House® and Manning-Bowman® power tools are so popular. Each one, from portable rotary saw to orbital sander, has better balance, longer life built in. Yet, thanks to new design, new materials, they weigh less than most comparable tools, handle easier.

P.S. Baby's chair and play table are Edison "Little Folks" products. Exclusive: chair stacks and locks on table to form sturdy, high chair. Another unusual idea from Wood Products Division, America's leading maker of juvenile furniture!

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY



FOUND: **a better way to add vital moisture to dry, indoor air**
What's drier than hot summer air on the Sahara? Winter air in your own home is probably drier, according to the U.S. Public Health Service. Such bone-dry air saps energy, parches your nose and throat—makes them more susceptible to germs. Metalaire Products Division's TravelAire® Humidifier-Heater-Cooler adds healthful moisture to dry air . . . also filters and heats or cools it—at your touch of a dial.

FOUND: **a better way to hatch an egg**
In today's hatcheries, Thanksgiving dinners grow up by the thousands. During their four-week hatching process, turkey eggs consume oxygen and often liberate enough carbon dioxide to inhibit 100% hatching. Nests of Baralyme® granules, from Medical Gas Division, absorb CO_2, keep oxygen balance up, boost hatching efficiency by as much as a third.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Searching for Signs

As U.S. businessmen last week anxiously looked for signs of a fall upsurge, there were few sights to cheer them. Stock buyers took such a doleful view that the Dow-Jones industrial average suffered an 8.58-point drop to 612.27—its sharpest one-day decline in more than six months—before steadying and rising at week's end. Best news came from retailers helped by record sales of back-to-school clothing and heavy traffic in auto supplies and small appliances. Sears, Roebuck & Co. and Spiegel both reported that August sales soared to alltime peaks for that month. Though the auto industry carried a heavy 887,800-car inventory on dealers' hands, sales of new cars perked up. The first good-sized shipments of steel for autos were already starting to move out of the mills, although the steel industry was scheduled to operate at only 50.6% of capacity last week.

Nor was there any cheer in the latest Labor Department jobless figures. They showed 3,788,000 unemployed in August. More important, unemployment did not decline as steeply as it should have between July and August, and the seasonally adjusted percentage of unemployed rose from 5.4% in July to 5.9% in August—the highest percentage since the steel strike last fall. Employment in August, though it set an alltime high for the month with 68,282,000 working, actually involved a working force that was 407,000 fewer than in July.

While the figures seemed to show the jobless problem becoming worse, the Labor Department made its survey during the week when auto plants were shut down for model changeovers, and all the temporarily laid-off workers were counted as "unemployed." Not until the September survey, when these unemployed will be back at work, will the Labor Department know whether the rise in jobless is actual, or merely a statistical distortion.

GOVERNMENT

Stretching Out the Debt

To ease its financial problems, the Treasury announced last week that it was going to try a borrowing technique called advance refunding which it has not used in five years. The Treasury is offering holders of $12.5 billion in World War II bonds which mature between 1967 and 1969 the chance to turn them in for new bonds which will mature in 20 to 38 years. Bait to the bond owners is a $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ interest rate on the new bonds (*v.* $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ on the old ones). Treasury hopes $3 billion to $5 billion of the old bonds will be converted to the new issue. Chief advantage to the Treasury is that the plan will extend the maturity date on the national debt without disturbing the short-term securities market.

NEW PRODUCTS

Prometheus Unbound

(See Cover)

The history of the United States is fundamentally a history of invention.
—Roger Burlingame

Businessmen, scientists and engineers from 27 nations gathered in Chicago last week to see a new breed of U.S.-produced machines, so wondrously gifted and versatile that they hold the promise of a new industrial revolution. In Chicago's huge, hot International Amphitheatre and Navy Pier, the visitors excitedly inspected 11,000 gleaming new engineering marvels in twin shows: the Machine Tool Exposition and the Production Engineering Show. The new breed—and the stars of the shows—were nearly 100 machine tools of a wholly new kind, the brilliant offspring of the marriage of the automated machine and the computer's electronic brain. They represented a giant stride toward the ultimate goal of man's industrial progress: machines able to run themselves.

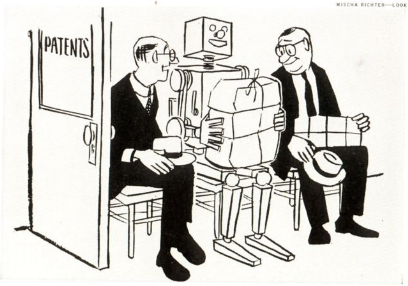
The key to the new revolution is "numerical control." The new machine needs an operator to show it only once how to do an intricate job. In the process its computer brain jots down symbolic numerical notes, thereafter can work automatically from "memory"—or learn a new task just as quickly. In the machine and tool industry, where techniques change so slowly that an exposition is held only twice a decade, the numerical-control machines brought forth a babble of superlatives, such as "the sunburst of a new era," "a stupendous breakthrough." Where it now takes a day to "set up" a lathe or other machine before it can begin turning out parts, the new machines can

ELECTRONICS LAB AT GENERAL MOTORS

be ready to work in minutes, switch easily from one job to another.

The Great Quest. The machines are but a small example of the flood of new products that are transforming industry and the American way of life, and hold the promise of a new industrial era in the 1960s. No facet of living—or of manufacturing—has escaped the restless minds of inventors trying to devise newer, cheaper, faster or better ways of doing things. Some are as simple and gadgety as the self-shaking mop; some are as complicated as the sealed-window, almost dust-free house. Some are as frivolous as a musical toothbrush that sounds a sour note when the teeth are not brushed correctly; some are as awe-inspiring as the purposeful arc of Echo threading its way through the

MISCHA RICHTER—LOOK



"I INVENTED HIM AND HE INVENTED *THAT*"

ED BAILEY

TECHNICAL CENTER IN WARREN, MICH.

stars. For the housewife, the worker on the production line, and the executive in his office, the outpouring of new inventions has provided more time to pursue dozens of new interests at leisure—and a choice of hundreds more new products to make leisure time more fun.

This year U.S. corporations plan to spend 10.7% more for development of new products and processes, according to an American Management Association survey. The legendary starving inventor, trying in vain to get a hearing for his brainchild, is no more; he can hardly get any inventing done today for all the eager customers beating a pathway to his door, or corporations trying to hire him. Last week in Los Angeles, as in many another U.S. city, a task force set up by the Chamber of Commerce was out hunting down new inventions, forearmed with a list of manufacturers anxious for new products. This week *You and Your Big Ideas*, a television show that invites little-known inventors to demonstrate their wares and provides a panel of experts to evaluate them, begins its new season.

The Rich Harvest. Many a little invention has launched a big industry; one out of eight U.S. businesses is a company that got its start with a single new product. Color film, invented by two New York musicians and first sold by Kodak in 1935, has grown into a $500 million annual business in the U.S. alone. As simple an idea as the aerosol can, first used to spray insecticides during World War II, has puffed itself into a 600 million-can-a-year trade, spraying everything from athlete's-foot powder to instant starch. Even as insignificant an item as the ballpoint pen, which was written off as a national joke when it came out 15 years ago ("It will write under water, but that's the only place"), now sells at the rate of 657 million pens annually worth $142 million.

For the U.S. consumer in 1960, the outpouring of new products and processes is a rich harvest that would have seemed incredible only a few years ago. Among the newest:

¶ "Dial-an-appliance" household equipment. Developed by Westinghouse, it enables a housewife who is downtown shopping to start dinner before she starts home: she simply telephones her home, then by dialing additional digits turns on the oven, sets it to cooking the roast. Vacationers heading home after a two-week absence can telephone their air conditioners en route, find the house cool when they arrive.

¶ Can opener-less cans. Now being test-marketed by Alcoa, the new aluminum orange juice cans have tabbed tops that peel away with a twist of the thumb.

¶ A matchless cigarette. To be marketed in December by Continental Tobacco Co., it has a tasteless, odorless "flame tip," which ignites when scratched against the side of a pack.

¶ Paper clothes. High-style paper clothes that can be thrown away after a few wearings are being developed by American Cyanamid, which is also experimenting with high-fashion paper hats. Paper pup tents and sleeping bags are now on sale.

¶ A pocket-size portable record player. Put on sale by Emerson, the Wondergram plays all sizes of LP records without turntable, is powered by four flashlight batteries, weighs less than 2 lbs. Price: $68.

¶ A hand-size shortwave transistor radio. Produced by Bulova Watch Co., it can pick up shortwave stations round the world. Price: $59.95.

¶ A transistor radio the size of a sugar cube. Developed for the Army by RCA, it will make possible a wristwatch radio.

¶ Transistor medical-recording devices. Soon to be available to doctors, they can be swallowed, will track down causes of a patient's stomach upset.

¶ A facsimile-mail system. To be tried by the Post Office for the first time next month, it may revolutionize mail delivery. In a test between Washington, D.C., Chicago and Battle Creek, Mich., letters will be opened automatically, their contents electronically scanned and transmitted in less than a second. At the terminal points, the letters will be reproduced photographically, put back into envelopes and delivered by special messenger.

¶ An electronic telephone exchange. Now being field-tested by Bell Labs in Morris, Ill., it handles calls 1,000 times faster than present equipment, commits to its electronic memory a list of numbers each customer frequently calls, provides private, two-digit numbers for each to save dialing time. Businessmen away from their offices can notify the electronic memory, and it will automatically switch all calls for them to their temporary numbers.

¶ A computer communications net. Called the SABRE System, it is being built by International Business Machines for American Airlines. The computer will keep in simultaneous automatic touch with American ticket offices everywhere, enable them to provide up-to-the-second

CULVER PICTURES

WALTER HUNT

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

NICK LAZARNICK

SHOCKLEY, BRATTAIN & BARDEEN

SWIMMING POOL WITH PLASTIC BUBBLE COVER

information about seating available on flights all over the U.S.

¶ A language-translating computer. Built by IBM, it translates Russian into English, has a vocabulary of 55,000 words. Its first assignment: translating each day's *Pravda* for the Air Force. It works at a rate of 1,800 words per minute, turns out rough but readable English.

¶ A torpedo finder. Able to swim 2,000 ft. beneath the surface, it was built for the U.S. Navy by Vitro Laboratories, can be adapted for commercial use. The Solaris is an eerie, Jules Verne monster that probes the ocean floor with four 500-watt floodlights and a television eye. When it spots a lost torpedo or other wanted object, a giant crab's claw snaps out, hoists the catch back to the surface.

¶ A "pickle picker." Made by Chisholm-Ryder, it can harvest and sort nearly an acre of cucumbers in an hour.

¶ A tomato picker. Developed by the University of California and the Blackwelder Manufacturing Co., it enables one harvester and 13 other workers to do the work now done by 60 men. Like many another invention, it has already led to a further development: a new breed of tomatoes, with tougher skins to prevent damage from the machine and that ripen all at the same time.

¶ "Cookies" for cows. International Harvester's hay pelletizer makes wafers from hay as it is mowed in the field. The wafers cut a farmer's loading and storage costs, lend themselves easily to automatic feeding in barns.

¶ A midget gas turbine engine for cars. Developed by the Williams Research Corp., the engine weighs only 50 lbs., is a mere 10 in. thick and 19 in. long, yet produces 75 h.p. It will be field tested in Jeeps next month by the Army.

¶ An electric stair-climbing cart. The "Stair Cat" was introduced by General Electric for moving appliances and heavy equipment, hefts a 500-lb. load up or down stairs at the rate of 18 ft. per min., automatically brakes when the motor turns off.

Patent to Product. Most new products, great and small, make their first appearance at the U.S. Patent Office. Though it is no easy jump from patent to product (only a fraction of the ideas patented are ever manufactured, only one in six of these turns a profit), last year 79,331 inventions were submitted to the Patent Office: patents were granted on 50,545 inventions. The rates for this year are running well ahead, and the Patent Office is buried under a backlog of nearly 200,000 patents pending.

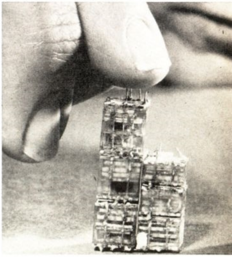
Well over half of all patents are granted to corporations. Reason: U.S. corporations will spend about $5 billion this year on research and development, since nearly 75% of the U.S. growth in sales volume in the next three years will come from new products. To some critics the growth of corporate research is a mixed blessing: they argue that corporations so blanket a field that they freeze out the individual inventor. Yet individual inventors last year claimed 40% of new mechanical patents, 35% of those granted in electricity and electronics, 30% of new chemical patents.

The Upstart Americans. The U.S. has no monopoly on invention, but the Yankee tinkerer has a long and prolific line of descendants—including Abraham Lincoln, who patented a buoyant chamber for small boats; Singer Lillian Russell, who designed a trunk that converted into a dresser; and Actress Hedy Lamarr and Composer George Antheil, who co-patented a "secret communication system" for wartime. To spur inventive talents, a patent law was one of the first laws passed by the new nation in 1790, and Weekend Inventor Thomas Jefferson was aptly named the patent office's first boss.

Between 1790 and 1838 only 11,098 patents were granted. But two were of incalculable value to the growing nation: Eli Whitney's cotton gin (1794) and Cyrus McCormick's reaper (1834). In the next two decades, U.S. inventive genius exploded: more than 20,000 patents were issued. When all Europe gathered at Paris' International Exhibition in 1867, prepared to show off to the world its industrial triumphs, it was the upstart Americans who carried off the prizes. McCormick's reaper won the Grand Prize and a French Legion of Honor. Howe's sewing machine won a gold medal, as did a host of lesser U.S. inventions, including a pencil maker and a button holder. In all, one-half of the U.S. exhibits won prizes, and Europe's industrial pre-eminence was dealt a blow from which the U.S. never let it recover.

More surprises were in store at the first U.S. Centennial Exposition, held in Philadelphia in 1876. The *Atlantic Monthly* marveled at George H. Corliss' giant, 2,500 h.p. steam engine and 8,000 other U.S. machines—all powered by it—on exhibit: "Surely here, and not in literature, science or art, is the true evidence of man's creative powers. Here is Prometheus Unbound." The Emperor Dom Pedro II of Brazil was more astounded. Picking up a curiously shaped device invented by a man named Alexander Graham Bell, the Emperor exclaimed: "My God, it talks!"

Barbed Wire & Waffles. While some inventors, like Thomas Edison, who patented the light bulb, the phonograph and more than 1,500 other ideas, became legendary figures, others went unsung, though their inventions became household necessities. One of the most prolific and original inventive thinkers of the 19th century was a Quaker tinkerer named Walter Hunt. He put his ideas to work only when he needed to get out of debt. In 1849 he sat down with a piece of wire and a pair of tweezers, in three hours devised the safety pin. He sold it for $400. He also invented a velocipede and a sewing machine. When his 15-year-old daughter said that the machine would put thousands of seamstresses out of business—a cry that has echoed, usually falsely, after many a new invention—the kindhearted Hunt junked his project. (He lived to see Elias Howe patent essentially



SUGAR-CUBE-SIZE TRANSISTOR RADIO

the same machine years later.) A De Kalb, Ill. farmer, Joseph Farwell Glidden, did more than anyone to help farmers settle the West; he invented barbed wire, a cheap and easy way to keep cattle off freshly tilled land. An ice-cream vendor ran out of plates at the St. Louis World's Fair, asked Syrian Wafflemaker Ernest Hawmi in the booth next door to help him out. Hawmi twirled a waffle into the first cone to hold ice cream.

The flood tide of 19th century inventiveness was so great that as early as 1843 a patent commissioner, Henry L. Ellsworth, in his annual report cried: "The advancement of the arts taxes our credulity and seems to presage the arrival of that period when human improvement must end." When the Depression came in the '30s, the pessimists echoed the words, talked about the "mature economy," the end of the era of "economic development," the beginning of the era of "economic maintenance."

Swords & Plowshares. Then World War II, mobilizing the nation's resources, produced a shower of new products. Many of them carried over into the civilian economy, from DDT and high-octane gasoline (which made possible the high-compression engine) to a vegetable tanning agent that took the combat-dangerous squeak out of shoes. In an age of increasingly technical warfare, the U.S. military has become godfather for many a new product that later finds its way into civilian life.

When the war ended, the economists, who almost to a man had predicted a depression, were confounded again. They thought that the world's mightiest industrial machine, built up to fight the war, would rust away from too little to do in a peacetime economy. What they failed to foresee was that all of U.S. industry, not just the foresighted few as in the past, would embrace the idea of new products as a way to grow. Research became a magic word, the research scientist a wanted man, the laboratory search for new products a conscious program and "planned obsolescence" the magic new policy for growth. The breakthroughs since World War II's end cut across the whole scope of U.S. industry.

The Mustard Seed. What was the greatest postwar industrial breakthrough of all? Plastics? Nuclear energy? Most experts agree that it was neither of these, but the transistor, a speck of silicon or germanium with spider-wire legs, no bigger than the Biblical mustard seed, from which has sprouted the great tree of the electronics industry.

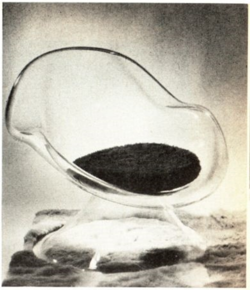
The transistor grew out of a "parlor trick" in Bell Telephone Laboratories in 1940. One of the scientists there "had a little chunk of black stuff with a couple of contacts on it," recalls Bell Physicist Walter H. Brattain, "and when he shone a flashlight on it, he got a voltage. I didn't believe it." But Brattain never forgot, and seven years later (a delay enforced by the war), using the same "black stuff"—silicon—in an electrolytic solution, he got the same effect: a current was produced ten times as great as that from any other photoelectric device. A few months later they achieved the "transistor effect," a greatly amplified signal, using only a sliver of germanium and three wires.

Bell pulled scientists out of other departments until a research team of some 40 men—physicists, chemists, metallurgists, engineers—was working at top speed on a project to find out just why the current was amplified. They did, and on June 30, 1948, Bell, with its usual modesty, issued the scientific understatement of the decade: "The Bell Telephone Laboratories wishes to demonstrate today a new device. Its essential simplicity indicates the possibility of widespread use." For finding out why, Brattain and two theoretical physicists, Willian Shockley and John Bardeen, won a Nobel Prize.

The miracle of the transistor is that it can do virtually everything the vacuum tubes—for nearly 40 years the mainstay of the communications industry—could do, and do it better. It is more reliable, sturdier, and only a fraction of the tube's size. Today a full third of Bell Labs' scientists are working on the transistor and the whole new family of "solid state" electronic devices it has spawned. The transistor not only made space exploration possible; it also ushered in the new technique of miniaturization, thus made hundreds of new products possible.

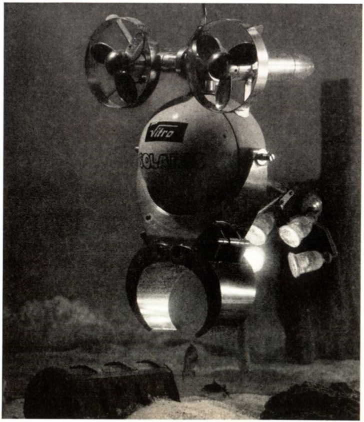
The Computer Is Born. It was the transistor, with its minuscule size and swiftness, which made possible the modern computer, perhaps the second greatest postwar new product. While shrinking in size, computers have vastly increased their speed and ability to handle problems. The fastest, IBM's $13.5 million STRETCH model, can add two 15-digit numbers in an incredible two-millionths of a second. In fact, computer progress has outrun man's ability to prepare magnetic-tape instructions complex enough to keep the brains busy. The ideal computer would be one that operators can instruct verbally. Bell plans to build one able to hear and obey some 50 words.

The next step is machines that can do more than answer just yes or no; they would, in effect, reason by considering alternatives, reach "under the circum-



PLASTIC ARMCHAIR

SOLARIS UNDERWATER TORPEDO FINDER

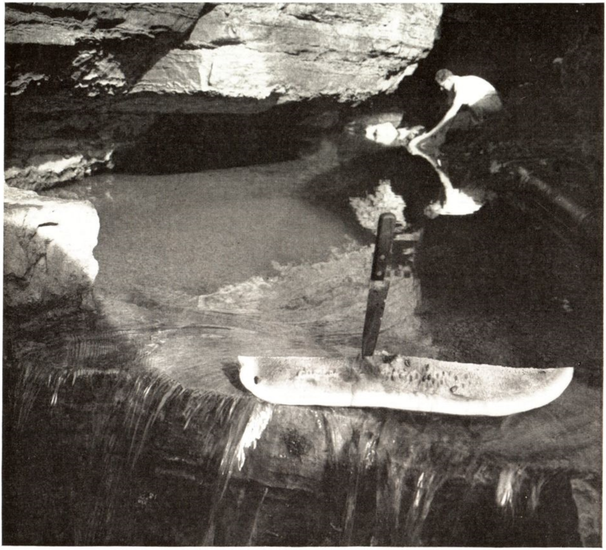


stances" conclusions. Bell has already reconstructed a neuron, the basic element of the human brain, electronically, will try linking several together in a "neural net" duplicating nerve tissue. Eventually they hope to devise a computer able to freely associate ideas. IBM and others are trying to control molecules to work as a new kind of transistor, make a computer whose components will "feel" each other's information, come to qualitative decisions.

Bubbles & Better X-Rays. Nearly all of these new products, like most of those coming out today, are as carefully plotted in advance as the building of an ocean liner. Many come at enormous cost. When Du Pont decided it wanted a "poor man's nylon," it experimented for twelve years, spent $50 million before it found Delrin, a formaldehyde plastic with many of the properties of nylon that can be made at considerably less cost. Put on the market about a year ago, Delrin has already started to take a big bite out of the metal industry. In 1961 Chrysler Valiant will sport a Delrin instrument panel, the biggest single automotive use of unreinforced plastic. Several oil companies have bought Delrin pipes for oilfield use. It has already been incorporated in some 270 products, from aerosol bottles to zippers. Manufacturers' requests for its use are pouring in at the rate of one a day, and Du Pont is rapidly expanding production.

Sometimes inventors draw a bead on one target, score a bull's eye on another. Sacramento's Aerojet-General Corp., prime contractor for the Polaris missile's propellant, found that when the solid fuel was molded, bubbles tended to form, caused trouble in firing. To find the bubbles, the company had to haul the finished rocket motor to a giant X-ray laboratory, spend two to three weeks taking pictures. Aerojet's radiation experts went to work, found they could do the job in hours by slipping in a radioactive cobalt pill, using photon-counters to measure the rate of radiation. If it was steady, no bubbles. They kept improving their photon-detection equipment, now have a device that promises X-ray pictures with 1/30 the radiation exposure of the most modern X-ray equipment.

Many a new product spawns other new products as it jolts older competitors into fresh efforts to improve their lines. When the textile industry threatened to turn to the new synthetic fibers, the cottonmakers developed resin treatments to make cotton wash-and-wear. Polypropylene, one of the newest and cheapest of the petroleum plastics, is now putting the pressure on more expensive cellophane. Produced as a fiber, it promises to make the best no-ironing blend of cloth. Laverne's "invisible" chairs are made of the plastic, make any room look bigger, less cluttered. Esso is experimenting with colored highways made from a blend of asphalt and tinted polypropylene. With the routes of a cloverleaf indicated by color and with highway signs to match, U.S. motorists would have less trouble finding their way through superhighway mazes. Hercules Powder Co., pioneer producer of poly-



A TENNESSEE WATERMELON COOLER flowing year-round at a constant 56° is one of the things that make Jack Daniel's sippin' smooth.

In the Hollow, we're never too hurried to stop for a slice of cold watermelon . . . and maybe give an extra thanks for our iron-free limestone spring. You see, this rare possession and our ancient Charcoal Mellowing process largely account for our whiskey's smooth sippin' quality . . . different, we think, from any other. After one sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll think so too.

THE
TENNESSEE
SIPPIN'
WHISKEY

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 399), TENN.

TIME CLOCK

SMALLER COMPACTS, to compete with Volkswagen's snub-nosed Micro-Bus, panel delivery van and pick-up truck, will be brought out by Ford this year. In Detroit's best kept secret, Ford has developed new compact line with smallest wheelbase (less than 95 in.) of any U.S. automaker. Engine of new compacts is in front. Price will be in $1,900-$2,600 Volkswagen range.

SWISS-HELD SHARES of Baltimore & Ohio stock are streaming to the Chesapeake & Ohio in the road's fight with the New York Central to gain control of the B. & O. So far, C. & O. has received more than 117,400 shares held by Swiss, who own about 25% of road's shares. In all, C. & O. says it has collected some 750,000 shares—nearly one-quarter of B. & O.'s outstanding stock.

SEC VIOLATIONS may have been committed by company officers and directors of Chicago's Comptometer Corp. who sold their stock during its recent big rise. Directors and officers sold 32,269 shares of stock without registering it with SEC. During run-up of price of stock after announcement that company's Electrowriter had been successfully tested by A.T. & T. for use on its public lines, four insiders sold 15,600 shares.

FIVE NEW FREIGHTERS are called for in $53 million contract signed by United States Lines with Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry-dock Co. as first step in U.S. Lines' $450 million building program. Within twelve years, line will replace up to 46 ships in cargo fleet.

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORP. bought Clarke Floor Machine Co. for about $4,000,000. Purchase allows S-P to offset Clarke's profits against its own massive tax losses. It is fourth Studebaker-Packard acquisition in past 16 months and first since Clarence Francis moved in as chairman to speed up diversification.

COCA-COLA and MINUTE MAID are talking merger. In first major diversification move in its 74-year history, Coca-Cola offers to swap about 900,000 shares of its stock (current value: $59 million) for all of Minute Maid's stock at the rate of 2.2 shares of Minute Maid for one of Coca-Cola.

propylene, has developed a new glass-and-plastic material for a third-stage shell for the Minuteman missile. It is translucent, as light as magnesium and stronger than steel.

Guns Galore. A shower of new products and processes is augmenting man's age-old efforts to get in out of the rain. Minnesota's Schjeldahl Co.'s polyester plastic balloon structures can be built in half a day, need only an ordinary building fan to keep them inflated, will last five to ten years. Quonset-shaped, the Schjeldome will work in the arctic or the tropics, can be used for garages and greenhouses, swimming pool covers and grain warehouses, is repaired with a hot iron.

To speed conventional construction projects, there are new guns galore: Flintkote's "Sealzit" spray guns spray roofing on flat or free-form surfaces, may well make the shingle obsolete. Atlanta's Lenox Square shopping center was constructed with the True Gun, developed by Tulsa's Max True, which sprays concrete. A wire-tying gun enables workmen simply to aim at the joint where steel reinforcing rods need to be lashed, pull the trigger, and the job is done. For do-it-yourself fans, Chicago's Wonder Building Corp. has brought out fallout-bomb-shelter kits: backyard model for $1,200, smaller basement shelter for $295.

Pet's Milk. The new products of 1960 have something for every member of the family. Westinghouse has a new thermoelectric baby-bottle minder that keeps the milk cold until feeding time, then automatically warms it. When it is ready, it sounds an alarm to wake up mother. To make sure baby goes back to sleep, the Evenflo-Lullaby bottle plays Brahms's *Lullaby*. For the household pets, the newest drinks are Dog Nog and Cat Lap—canned milk for animals, developed by onetime New York Advertising Man Arthur D. Talbott. While conducting market research on milk use, Talbott discovered that 25% of evaporated milk was bought to feed animals, realized that there was a rich market for a special pet milk. It is cheaper than regular canned milk and better for an animal's nutrient needs. Last week the U.S. Agriculture Department announced a way to end the bane of a dog's life—fleas. By adding certain chemicals to dog food, it found that fleas that bit the dogs died.

So marvelous is U.S. technology today that practically any good idea can be turned into a product. The Army needed a giant ditchdigger. Barber-Greene Co. built one: a voracious behemoth that can dig a continuous trench 2-ft. wide and 6-ft. deep through any surface, including rock and coral, is now available to commercial purchasers. Le Tourneau Inc. of Texas built a mobile island crane that can be towed out to an offshore construction site, its legs sunk and anchored while it does its job. The job finished, the legs can be retracted, and the island crane towed to another site. Not all products are so complex—or necessary: a harassed doctor invented a candy-coated tongue depressor for examining children.

Second Martini Ideas. The number of new products, or what often turn out to be merely new trimmings on an old product, has become so great that many a businessman has begun to wonder whether gadgets may get the upper hand. Said one Westinghouse vice president: "Frivolous features on appliances that were nothing more than second-martini ideas have claimed unnecessarily hundreds of thousands of dollars in research money." If the money wasted by industry on meaningless model changes were plowed into basic research, the genuinely new products would blossom that much faster.

Critics also argue with some truth that U.S. business, in its competitive haste to get new products to market, spends too little on basic or pure research to find new breakthroughs, too much on applied research to convert new discoveries into goods and services. Vice President Richard Nixon last week recommended that business join with states and the Federal Government to supply funds for a number of basic research institutes at universities, which would engage in the indispensable exploration of the unknown by "the basic research man . . . who will make the breakthroughs upon which all the rest of our science and technology depends."

Some of the U.S. firms that have been doing research longest realize the importance of basic research, give their scientists considerable free rein to explore new fields. The Martin Co.'s Research Institute for Advanced Studies, on an old estate in Baltimore, allows some 100 scientists to roam about freely on the frontiers of advanced mathematics, solid-state physics and gravity.

Looking Ahead. With more emphasis on basic research, the new products that lie just ahead promise marvels eclipsing even what the U.S. has accomplished since World War II. Within a year or two, electronic ovens may be available for every home. They will cook a steak in two minutes, a baked potato in four seconds, greaselessly so that the oven never needs cleaning. An ultrasonic breakthrough in the use of sound waves for cleaning promises dishwashing in minutes without water. Shoes and clothes may be whisked spotless ultrasonically as the wearer enters the house.

Thermoelectrics—the use of electricity in metal to produce heat and cold with no moving parts—will make possible a combined refrigerator and cooking element. The union of thermoelectrics and electroluminescence promises wall panels that automatically heat or cool, change colors and brightness to suit the mood and weather of the day. Windows will automatically close at the first drop of rain, reopen when the sun comes out. Throwaway plastic dishes will be made in every kitchen at the touch of a button.

Fuel Cells & Rocket Belts. The next major U.S. inventive breakthrough comparable to the transistor may well be the fuel cell—a cheap, efficient, reliable way of converting fuel to electricity with no moving parts. Some 50 U.S. companies are working on the problem; when it is solved, it will provide a compact, noiseless power source for propulsion, lighting, heating, may even bring back the electric auto. The ancient dream of man, individual flight, perhaps with a scuba-like rocket belt, is under serious development. The U.S. Army has awarded Bell Aerosystems a $60,000 research contract for a rocket belt, and Bell believes it can build one in less than two years.

In the first year of the decade of the

'60s, the U.S. economy has paused for breath, seems to be going nowhere in particular. Some economists are once again talking about a mature economy, worry that there are no new breakthroughs in sight to give the nation a great forward push such as the auto and electronics did. But the past shows that such worries about the future are groundless. The pace of research is such that man's next great discovery may come next month, next week—or tomorrow.

MANAGEMENT

A Diversified Storm

From the directors of Investors Diversified Services, the nation's largest group of mutual funds (assets: $3 billion), came a terse announcement: a special meeting of stockholders was going to be convened to remove Clint W. Murchison Jr. and his brother John from the board. The reason for this action, explained the directors of the group, which is controlled by Alleghany Corp., was that the Murchisons refused "to cooperate with the company's finance and law committee."

The move against the Murchisons was another round in the fight for control of I.D.S. (TIME, Jan. 4), may well be the opening wallop in a new battle for control of Alleghany Corp. Both struggles grew out of the proxy fight of Alleghany Corp., then controlled by the late Robert R. Young and Allan Kirby, for control of the New York Central Railroad. An Alleghany financial adviser in the fight was Randolph Phillips, 49, who subsequently fell out with Young and Kirby and the Murchisons, who had helped Alleghany win the Central. Later, Alleghany sold the Murchisons its controlling stock in I.D.S., but Phillips won a court fight that forced them to sell it back to Alleghany, made his peace with Kirby, became an I.D.S. director and was elected chairman of the company's finance and law committee at $30,000 a year.

Phillips started investigating the Murchisons, demanded that they hand over a list of stock and brokerage houses with which they have had private dealings and with which I.D.S. might have done business. The Murchisons refused, quietly fought back. They added to their holdings in Alleghany Corp., giving rise to reports that they intended to try to throw out Kirby, then control both Alleghany and I.D.S. But since Kirby's Alleghany Corp. controls I.D.S., it looked as if the Murchisons would first be thrown off the I.D.S. board.

Last week the Murchisons went a step farther. In a New York federal court they filed suit against Kirby and Phillips, charging that they conspired to arrange the out-of-court settlement last year in return for Kirby's promising Phillips a job at I.D.S. The Murchisons asked the court to bar Phillips from serving as an I.D.S. director.

Were the Murchisons considering a proxy fight for control of Alleghany Corp.? Said John Murchison last week: "You don't just consider a proxy fight. Either you do it or you don't."

Fiat prices start as low as $1098 at port of entry, New York. The Fiat 600 shown is priced at $1398 p.o.e. 18 models to choose from, sales and service everywhere in the U.S.A. and Canada.

MUST A MAN TELL HIS WIFE EVERYTHING?

(Like the extra $200 he saved with Fiat?)

Men are such blabbermouths. Simply can't keep a secret. Like our friend in the picture. Just bought a Fiat 600. Saved a lot of money too. But can he keep quiet about it? Go out and *splurge* maybe?

Not a chance. No will power. In no time at all, he'll blab the whole story: How the Fiat he bought is actually priced over $200 *less* than comparable models of the two leading French and German imports.

. . . And how Fiat's low price *includes* such extras as whitewall tires. And heater. And electric windshield wipers. And windshield washers. And turn signals. And leatherette interiors. And convenient fold-down rear seats for extra carrying space.

. . . And how Fiat averages *over* 40 miles to the gallon, actually operates for less than a penny a mile.

. . . And how solidly built Fiat is. And how roomy Fiat is. And how easy Fiat is to drive and park.

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BOOKS

Bridegroom of the Storm

THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT—Vol. III: THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL (749 pp.)—*Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.*—*Houghton Mifflin* ($6.95).

"There's one issue in this campaign," Franklin Roosevelt told Adviser Raymond Moley before the 1936 election. "It's myself, and people must be either for me or against me."

The issue the voters decided then has since become more complex for the historian and biographer. Liberal Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., 42, is unequivocally for F.D.R.; his problem is to thread the maze of pose, purpose and paradox that was F.D.R. The Roosevelt enigma dominates *The Politics of Upheaval* as it did the two previous volumes of Schlesinger's massive chronicle of the New Deal and its master builder. In essence, Roosevelt stamped his personality on an entire era without revealing his inner self.

Polymorph at Work. In Author Schlesinger's pages, F.D.R. wears one face but many masks. There was Roosevelt, the klieg-lit primadonna, the aristocratic humanitarian, the radical conservative who could say: "I want to save our system, the capitalistic system . . . To combat crackpot ideas, it may be necessary to throw to the wolves the 46 men who are reported to have incomes in excess of $1,000,000 a year." Roosevelt distrusted theory, yet surrounded himself with theorizing braintrusters. He was a gleeful social experimenter, yet wistfully longed for a balanced budget. There was Roosevelt, the calculating political tactician who combined a reform-laden 1936 State of the Union message with a conservative budget, hoping by such ambivalence "that brave words would restore the faith of the left while lack of deeds might in time restore the hope of the right."

LANDON & F.D.R. AT 1936 CONFERENCE ON MIDWEST DROUGHT*
Some could be shrugged off; others were not so laughable.

Tony Spina

HISTORIAN SCHLESINGER
Less mythic than modest.

Polymorphic F.D.R. existed more than most public men in the eye of the beholder. To his foes, he was a shameless opportunist. To his friends, F.D.R. was the sympathetic champion of their special needs and cares. In the words of a North Carolina mill hand: "Mr. Roosevelt is the only man we ever had in the White House who would understand that my boss is a son of a bitch." What F.D.R. stood for, says Author Schlesinger, in a rather academic mouthful, was "the humanization of industrial society."

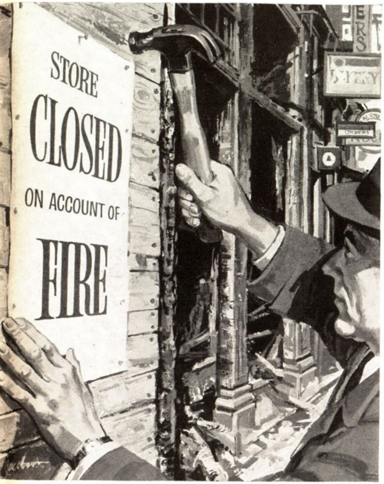
Big Brother or Dutch Uncle. The view that people mattered less than *laissez-faire* economics was at the root of the Depression, as Schlesinger analyzed it in the first volume of *The Age of Roosevelt*. Vol. II, *The Coming of the New Deal*, took up the bold New Deal improvisations of "the first hundred days." In Schlesinger's grand design, which may now run to five or six volumes, *The Politics of Upheaval*, covering the years 1935-36, is a transition book between what he calls the first and second New Deals: "The First New Deal characteristically told business what it must do. The Second New Deal characteristically told business what it must *not* do." Big Brother was replaced by Dutch Uncle. Social evangelists of centralized planning, *e.g.*, Rexford Guy Tugwell, gave way to the legal bird dogs of reform recruited mostly from Harvard Law School by Tommy Corcoran and Benjamin Cohen. As Schlesinger sees it, the heady momentum of social experimentation had been lost, Roosevelt temporarily wallowed in "a stew of indecision," and a narrow Supreme Court majority stood poised to strike down NRA, AAA and a host of other government alphabetical agencies.

Schlesinger spends much of his book limning the critics of left and right who pelted the Administration. Some of them Roosevelt could shrug off; others were far from laughable: Father Coughlin, who described himself as "a religious Walter Winchell" and believed that all bankers were devils and Jewish bankers the most devilish of the lot; Dr. Francis Townsend, who proposed to give every oldster over 60 a pension of $200 a month with the proviso that he spend it within the month; Huey Long, Louisiana's "messiah of the rednecks," who, in a rare moment of insight, called himself "a wedded man with a storm for my bride."

Force-feed to Health. Roosevelt, too, says Schlesinger, knew himself as the bridegroom of a worldwide storm. When Biographer Emil Ludwig asked him his purpose, F.D.R. replied, "To obviate revolution." Just when the Supreme Court seemed to stymie Roosevelt's legal reforms, he resumed the offensive, pushed through Congress social security, banking and utility reorganization, collective bargaining and a graduated income tax. It is not entirely clear from Schlesinger's account whether Roosevelt jumped or was pushed into the second New Deal. There was the pressure of 9,000,000 unemployed, the falling debris of social experiments that had proved unworkable or unconstitutional. There were the nudges from Keynes-minded economists who wanted to force-feed the economy back to health, spending when business was afraid to

* To the right rear behind F.D.R.: Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri.

Would you go out of business after a fire?



Hardware Mutuals "Profit Protection" can pay your usual earnings while your business is shut down by fire. You continue to pay salaries and other obligations—you receive average profits. 43% of businesses which burn never reopen—often because of gaps in their insurance!

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Shown here are a few of the areas your Hardware Mutuals man checks to make sure your business insurance has no serious loopholes, no costly overlaps. He represents an organization which writes over $100 million in premiums—*more than half in business insurance.* His expert training and his knowledge of retail business make him uniquely qualified to bring you sound protection with savings. (He can set up your program on convenient payment plans, if you like.)

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Solid protection for cars and trucks is so vital . . . and so economical.

spend, becoming an employer when there was private unemployment. For an economy in distress, many of the shock treatments of yesterday have become the household remedies of today.

Describing the landslide election of '36, Author Schlesinger, using Alf Landon's previously unopened private papers, reveals an attractive personality who had far more liking and leaning toward F.D.R. and the New Deal than his reputation as a "Kansas Coolidge" and the vituperative 1936 presidential campaign would suggest. In one telling vignette in a Topeka chicken restaurant, a bellicose Hoover barks rapid boos at a Roosevelt radio speech, and an embarrassed Landon hustles him away from the cluster of newsmen. When the supposedly bitter rivals met at a pre-election Governors' conference in Des Moines, relations between Landon and F.D.R. were so harmonious that Kansas' Republican Senator Arthur Capper observed sourly: "I fully expected one of the candidates to withdraw."

History or Hagiography? Author Schlesinger's panoramic style captures much of the sweep and excitement of an era more historically dramatic than most. Occasionally, his copious research numbs the memory it is meant to jog. He periodically confuses hagiography with history, so that F.D.R.'s New Deal becomes a kind of King Arthur's court peopled with Sir Rexford, and Sir Harry, and Sir Felix and other knights of the Round Table. With consummate showmanship, Franklin Roosevelt did embody something of the gallantry of a tilt with the dragons of poverty and unemployment. The credo Schlesinger finally inscribes for him is less mythic than modest, and may be no more than just: "He had no philosophy save experiment, which was a technique; constitutionalism, which was a procedure; and humanity, which was a faith."

Hello to All That

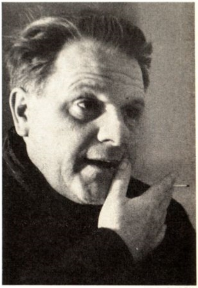
THE BLACK BOOK (250 pp.)—*Lawrence Durrell—Dutton* ($4.95).

Newspapers constantly relay the rejoicings of the sweepstakes winner and the parent whose kidnaped child has been found alive. And LIFE once photographed that rare dawning in which a young girl first realizes that she will be beautiful. Another sort of epiphany is less familiar: that moment of astonishment and nascent arrogance when a beginning author discovers that he is a very good writer.

Lawrence Durrell, whose recent quartet of novels about Alexandria are as popular in upper Bohemia as clam dip, made the discovery in 1936 when at 24, he wrote *The Black Book*. This first novel is a glittering, exultant, outrageous act of self-indulgence, and the reader needs no dust-jacket exegesis to tell him that this is the work of a brilliant boy. Durrell raises up laments to the bleakness of life, bathes in scorn and sorrow the wretched creatures who must live it, sets down prose odes to the godawfulness of England. The outlook is determinedly fungoid, yet the tone is perversely gleeful. The author is gloriously drunk with sex, sin, scorn, youth and his own deflowering genius.

Alexia? The language is that of a literary acrobat cockily performing newly-learned tricks and listening slyly for applause. In one neon-streaked passage, Durrell preens so obviously that his arrogant virtuosity is amusing: "I question myself eagerly. Is this amusia, aphasia, agraphia, alexia, abulia? It is life."* The narrator, a knockabout literary sort named Lawrence Lucifer, gloats over sex, happily flexes his ability to shock ("I am afraid to shake hands with him, for fear that the skin will slip the bony structure of the hand and come away. It would take so little to produce the skeleton from this debile bundle of meat").

Murk & Manifesto. Surprisingly, this impudent performance is not as annoying as it might be. Durrell's spirits are so buoyant that they earn the reader's



Alain Cerf-*Elle*

AUTHOR DURRELL
Deflowering genius.

indulgence. His posturings are taken as overdrafts on respect well repaid by later books, and so is his blatant mimicry of such authors as Lawrence, Eliot, Aldous Huxley and Henry Miller (to whom Durrell sent the only typescript of the book with the coy instruction to read it and throw it in the Seine).

Very little happens in *The Black Book;* it is all murk and manifesto. One meets a menagerie of physical and spiritual cripples—Tarquin, a homosexual; Lobo, a whoremonger; Clare, a gigolo; Gregory, a poet whose feelings chafe against a talent one size too small. These tortured grotesques are insignificant, but they prefigure the Alexandria novels. So does the fetid brilliance of the passages in which

* Translation: "Is this loss of ability to read music, loss of ability to understand spoken or written language, loss of ability to write, a disease involving loss of ability to understand print, mental impairment in which volition is lost?"

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NATIONAL STEEL

Use them in roofing, as did Architect Fritz Woehle, on Pilgrim Congregational Church in Birmingham, Alabama. Or use them as a wall, canopy, fence, facade or interior treatment—on shops, homes, markets, offices, cottages or garages. Use them however and wherever you wish, these color-coated architectural steel panels from the Stran-Steel division of National Steel.

And however you use them, you're sure to like the way these economical panels stand up to weather, wind and wear. Only in steel do you get such strength at such savings. And only in Stran-Steel panels do you get the *extra* protection of three baked-on vinyl based color coats . . . on top of a tight-clinging primer coat . . . on top of a corrosion-fighting zinc coat . . . and all on top of heavy-duty steel.

You've a choice of nine colors, from subtle green, gray and blue basics to sparkling orange-red and yellow accents. Match them or mix them however you wish. Color lasts and lasts. Panels blend beautifully with brick, stone, wood and glass to allow unlimited architectural treatments. They're a full yard wide and as long as you like.

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Culver Pictures

TIMOTHY DEXTER
Voice of the peopel.

Durrell imitates no one, and so does the author's inability, or unwillingness, to write narrative. This impressive school piece is ironically named, for in it the reader sees a powerful talent find its place in the sun, yawn with pleasure and stretch itself luxuriously.

Yankee Clown

TIMOTHY DEXTER REVISITED (306 pp.) —*John P. Marquand—Little, Brown* ($6.50).

J. P. Marquand's last book is not a novel, but it is only his novelist's hand that saves it from being merely a literary curiosity. Good family boy that he was, Marquand never lost his gossip's and antiquarian's interest in the past of Newburyport, Mass., a place that was never long out of his thoughts in fact or in fiction. In 1925, before he had written anything better than hack historicals, he dusted off some old documents, ran down some dubious legends and wrote a book about a fascinating 18th century eccentric, *Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport, Mass.* Marquand was never satisfied with the effort. Now, 35 years later, *Timothy Dexter Revisited* gives a curious old codger his due.

Camera Press—Pix

AUTHOR MARQUAND
Visit back home.

Newburyport, just after the Revolutionary War, was fast slipping its Puritan chains. The rich, the decent and the God-fearing still ran things, but there was plenty of heavy drinking, and sons of the well-to-do liked to prove their nonchalance by slipping a hundred-dollar bill into a sandwich and eating it. Poor Timothy Dexter wanted desperately to break into the upper crust, but he hadn't a prayer. All he had was money, made by buying up Continental dollars for pennies when most people thought they would become worthless. Overnight a man of affairs instead of a lowly leather dresser, he was still despised by the other well-to-do. He was uncouth, uneducated, a prodigious boozer and a shameless wencher. His wife was a shrew, his son a boor, his poor daughter none too bright and also addicted to the bottle. Dexter bought the finest house in town, and sat in it spitting tobacco juice on the carpets and getting drunk every night.

Perhaps he became an eccentric just to show he didn't give a damn about those who snubbed him. He collected a circle of hangers-on who called him "Lord" Timothy and he gloried in the title. In his curious book called *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones; or Plain Truths in a Homespun Dress*, he proclaimed: "Ime the first Lord in the younited States of Amercay . . . It is the voice of the peopel and I cant help it." He kept a private poet and had him crowned at an elaborate public ceremony, once brought a lion from New York and invited the public to his house to look at him, "nine pence, each person." Long before his death, he had an elaborate tomb built on his grounds and enjoyed sitting in it during the heat of the day. But he made his most glorious splash when he had a local artist carve some 40 lifesize wooden figures, including one of himself, which were scattered around his grounds and became the town's most irresistible attraction.

Author Marquand's feelings about Lord Timothy are mixed. He grudgingly admires some qualities in a self-made Yankee who wasn't as silly as he seemed. But he admits that Dexter "suffered from senile concupiscence, he was ill-educated, and he was vulgar when drunk or sober." He sees him as a caricature of his period, but his dubious hero gives him a chance to revisit a time and a way of life that Marquand found more gracious and attractive than the "five o'clock shadow of mediocrity" that is creeping over Newburyport. It was only a little way down the road, in neighboring Newbury, that death found Marquand himself two months ago.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. Robert Preston runs away with this light drama about an Oklahoma harness salesman's troubles in a direction that gloomier Playwright William Inge may not have intended, but the film is good comedy just the same.

Day of the Painter. A waggish, 15-minute tale about the wondrous work habits of a dribble-and-splotch painter.

Under Ten Flags. The German Navy's Van Heflin *v.* British Admiral Charles Laughton is a better than fair sea-fight thriller based on one of the more curious naval footnotes to World War II.

The End of Innocence. Director Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, a Swedish-descended Argentine, shows his debt to Sweden's Ingmar Bergman in a shadowed study of purity, sin and degeneracy.

Ocean's 11. This laughing-gasser about an attempt by Frank Sinatra and his lout troup (Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, etc.) to rob five Las Vegas casinos is slapdash slapstick, but that's the way the kookies rumble.

Jungle Cat. Another of Walt Disney's magnificently photographed, though sometimes badly edited and narrated, True-Life Adventures, this time about jaguars in the Amazon jungles.

Sons and Lovers. D. H. Lawrence's searing novel is brilliantly translated to film by Director Jack Cardiff and a fine cast headed by Wendy Hiller and Trevor Howard, whose performances are, respectively, good and great.

Elmer Gantry. Burt Lancaster turns in one of the best performances of his career as Sinclair Lewis' Bible-banging, skirt-chasing evangelist.

Bells Are Ringing. Judy Holliday singing some Comden-Green lyrics is all that this comedy about an answering-service Nightingale offers, but Judy is enough.

TELEVISION

Tues., Sept. 13

Thriller (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* First of a new mystery and suspense series narrated by onetime Movie Menace Boris Karloff.

Wed., Sept. 14

The Aquanauts (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). New, full-hour entry in the underwater swim. Keith Larsen and Jeremy Slate are the actors who get wet, for divers' reasons.

Thurs., Sept. 15

Read a book.

Fri., Sept. 16

Moment of Fear (NBC, 10-11 p.m., color). An alcoholic reporter (Donald Harron) tries to warn his wife (Kathleen Maguire) that a gangster is on her trail.

Sat., Sept. 17

Football (ABC, 3:45 p.m.). Georgia plays Alabama.

Campaign Roundup (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). The week's political developments discussed in the first pre-election series by such analysts as Quincy Howe and Edward P. Morgan.

Checkmate (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Eric Ambler, the noted on-the-run-in-a-raincoat author, has plotted a new suspense series, and this is its first creak. With Tony George, Doug McClure and Sebastian Cabot.

Sun., Sept. 18

U.N. in Action (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). The only regularly scheduled network coverage of the United Nations begins its twelfth year, with Stuart Novins.

College News Conference (ABC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon is served to the youth.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). Rebroadcast of documentary on the battle of Stalingrad, filmed by German and Russian photographers in 1942-43.

The Shirley Temple Show (NBC, 7-8 p.m.). The first in a series of children's shows in which Shirley will be hostess and sometime performer. Music and variety, kiddie science fiction and comic-strip adaptations are promised; the opener, set in the Land of Oz, stars Comic Jonathan Winters as a wicked lord. Color.

Mon., Sept. 19

Jackpot Bowling Starring Milton Berle (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Can Miltie make bowling interesting? Can bowling make Miltie funny?

* All times E.D.T.

THEATER

On Broadway

A handful of favorites, having survived the theater strike and summer heat, remain to do battle with the new season's shows: **Toys in the Attic**, the latest play by Lillian Hellman, deftly explores the character of a weak ne'er-do-well (Jason Robards Jr.); Paddy Chayefsky's **The Tenth Man**, set in a Mineola, L.I. synagogue, brilliantly and with high humor admixes ancient rite with modern psychology; **The Miracle Worker** owes its excellence to the superb performances of Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke, as they re-create the early childhood of blind, deaf-mute Helen Keller; **The Best Man** sketches characters who are a mile wide and an inch deep, but nonetheless offers swift, glib and enjoyable theatrical journalism about campaigning politicians in action. Three musicals stand out: the good-as-ever revival of **West Side Story**, with many of the original cast; the light, reminiscent story of New York's greatest mayor, **Fiorello!**; and a winsome Broadway analysis of Elvis Presley called **Bye Bye Birdie.**

Off Broadway

Among the little theaters, too, the summer has winnowed out what was merely espresso-bungle and has left little more than the *lait* of the crop: **The Balcony**, French Playwright Jean Genet's dramatic thesis that the world is a brothel and vice versa; **The Connection**, an awesomely naturalistic study of junkies in their pad; **Krapp's Last Tape**, a single-actor tour de force about youth and age, on a double bill with **The Zoo Story**, wherein Playwright Edward Albee creates a critical mass by clanging together a beat with a square; **A Country Scandal**, an early play of Anton Chekhov, produced professionally in the U.S. for the first time, providing ample and comic proof that minor

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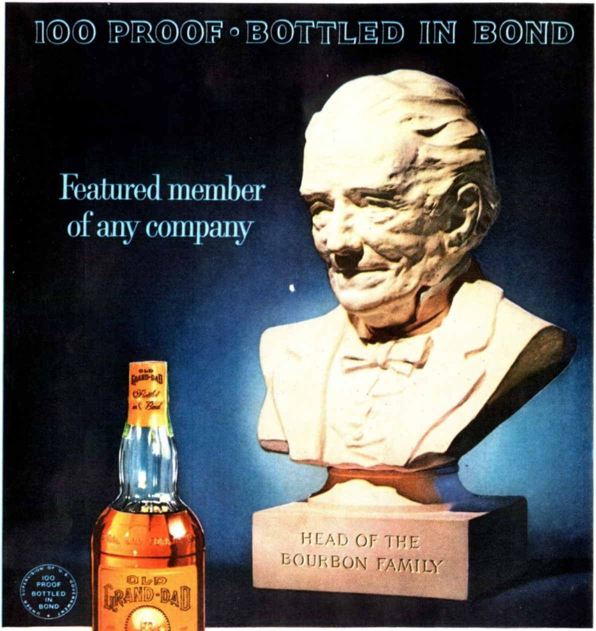

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

Chekhov is equal to the major efforts of most others; and **Little Mary Sunshine,** off-Broadway's phenomenal, sellout musical that spoofs the candy-coated operettas of the '20s.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A Peak in Darien, by Roswell G. Ham Jr. The author provides one of the wittier examples of the concupiscence-in-Connecticut genre, but his novel's title, nevertheless, should read "peek."

The Human Season, by Edward Lewis Wallant. The grief of a 59-year-old plumber over the sudden death of his wife is the unlikely subject of this remarkably skillful first novel. With telling economy, Author Wallant suggests the texture of sorrow without sentimentality, and the twisting agony of an agnostic Job who cannot tame his rage with resignation.

The Sot-Weed Factor, by John Barth. This comedy of picaresque errors and escapades, set in colonial Maryland, is as deadly serious as it is often wildly funny.

Taken at the Flood, by John Gunther. The father of soap operas, schoolgirl complexions and singing commercials is given his due in this anecdote-laden biography of the late Adman Albert Lasker.

Decision at Trafalgar, by Dudley Pope. Memorably above the call of routine historical duty, this is a definitive chronicle of the greatest battle of the age of sail and its ageless hero, Lord Nelson.

The Last Temptation of Christ, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The late great Greek writer saw God as the search for God. *Temptation* is his soaring, shocking final vision of that search.

The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz, by Ilya Ehrenburg. In 1927 the slithiest tove in the Soviet literary propaganda corps aimed this sizzling satirical poker at the Russian Revolution. Ehrenburg recently denounced its publication in the West, an act the non-hero of this kosher *Candide* would have relished.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent,** Drury (1)*
2. **Hawaii,** Michener (2)
3. **The Leopard,** Di Lampedusa (3)
4. **The Chapman Report,** Wallace (4)
5. **The Lovely Ambition,** Chase (5)
6. **Before You Go,** Weidman (6)
7. **The View from the Fortieth Floor,** White (7)
8. **To Kill a Mockingbird,** Lee (10)
9. **Water of Life,** Robinson (8)
10. **The Last Temptation of Christ** Kazantzakis

NONFICTION

1. **Born Free,** Adamson (1)
2. **How I Made $2,000,000 in the Stock Market,** Darvas (2)
3. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers,** King (5)
4. **Felix Frankfurter Reminisces** Frankfurter with Phillips (6)
5. **The Conscience of a Conservative,** Goldwater (3)
6. **Enjoy, Enjoy!** Golden (4)
7. **The Good Years,** Lord (9)
8. **Folk Medicine,** Jarvis (7)
9. **The Liberal Hour,** Galbraith (10)
10. **I Kid You Not,** Paar (8)

* Position on last week's list